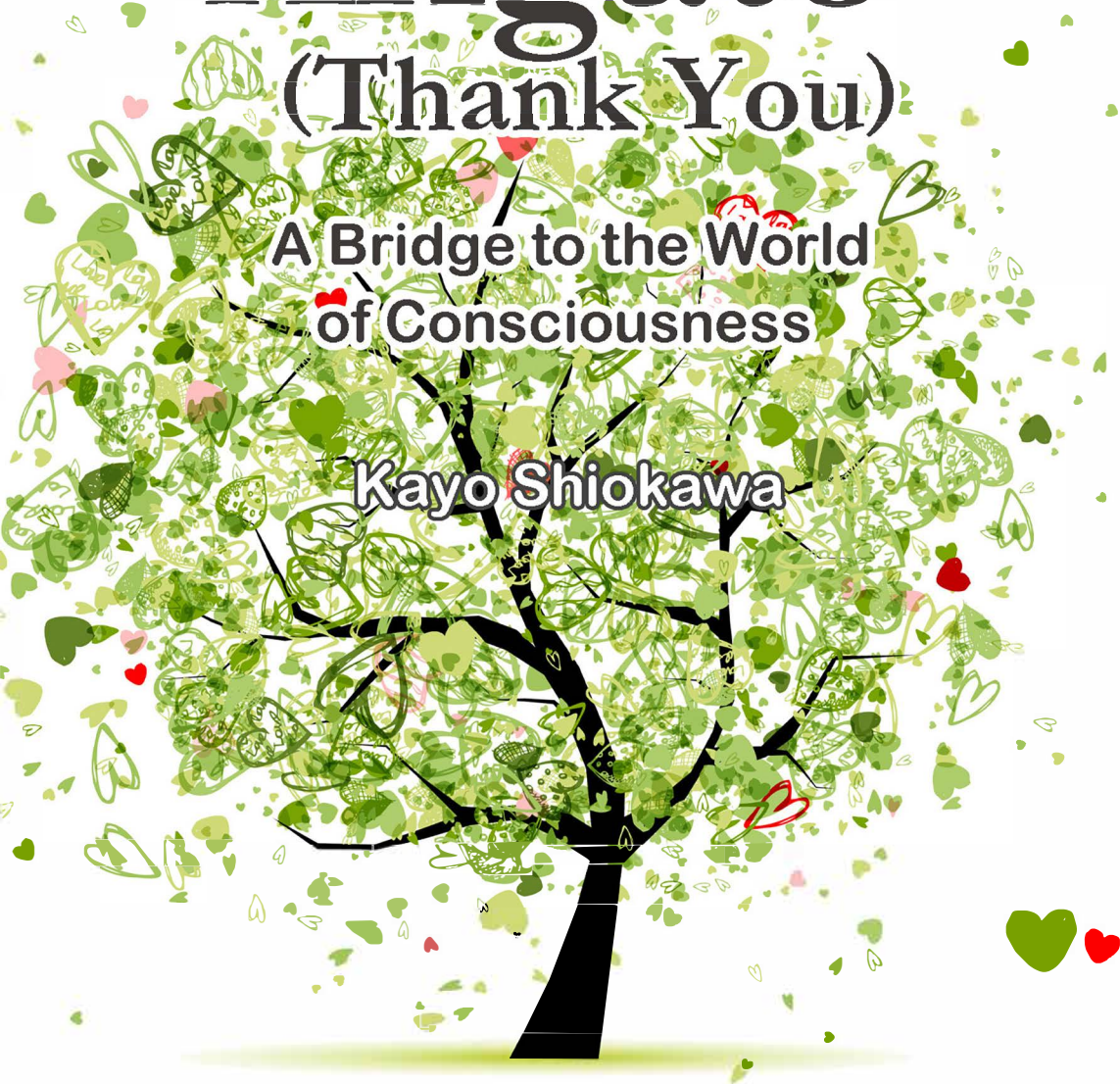


“Arigatō” (Thank You)

A Bridge to the World
of Consciousness

Kayo Shiokawa



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Ms. Shiokawa was born in Osaka , Japan in March 1959. In March 1991, she became a certified tax accountant and engaged in tax-related business. In 2015, she quit her job as a certified tax accountant and continued her seminar activities following the legacy of Mr. Taike.

Books:Arigatou, Ishiki No Tenkai, Ishiki No Nagare, Zoku Ishiki No Nagare and other books

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A Decade After the First Edition of “Arigatō (Thank You)”

After ten years, Arigatō, which had gone out of print, is now being reborn. I feel grateful for this opportunity to revisit the time of its first edition (2006), and even a little before that—around the year 2000—with fond nostalgia.

As I prepared to release this reprint of Arigatō, I picked up the first edition to read it again. There’s a passage that goes:

“I can now confidently declare, ‘My life is happy.’ I can say that to myself. Therefore, I believe I am happy. It’s not because of anyone else or anything in particular—I truly, from the bottom of my heart, feel joy in my very existence.”

I have cherished that sentiment and nurtured it within my heart to this day. Over twenty years ago, when I first began learning to look into my own heart, Mr. Tomekichi Taike said to me, “You don’t have much joy.” Indeed—I had lived always taking everything for granted: “It’s there, so it’s normal”; “They do things for me, so it’s natural.” Hearing someone speak so directly to me, a complete stranger, was truly shocking.

In retrospect, I realize that Mr. Taike, with endless kindness and warmth, was sincerely conveying, “You’re mistaken.”

More than twenty years have passed since that transformative encounter with Mr. Taike. As the saying goes, learning is life—and Mr. Taike poured his heart and soul into those seminars. He passed away in December 2015, at the age of 90. From April 1993, I had participated in residential seminars where I learned about the truth of the vibrational world. I now feel more than ever that the real journey begins now. I want to carry forward, with renewed determination, Mr. Taike's message: that "humankind is not made of the physical body, but is consciousness that exists eternally."

I feel deeply the truth of that vibrational world I learned alongside Mr. Taike. Though his physical body is no longer with us, I feel his presence as consciousness, vibration, and energy.

Re-reading *Arigatō* after so long, I was reminded again that it is the source of all my learning. My foolish, physical-body-bound self had long been waiting for the "real me" within—to awaken to my existence.

Because I didn't know how to turn inward and look at my own heart, the real me within was trying to reach that oblivious, physical-body-bound me—through the person of Mr. Taike. For over two decades, I felt his message: "Properly turn your heart in the direction he points." That span of time has made me realize how extraordinary this moment truly is—a once-in-a-thousand-year opportunity to encounter the world of truth. From Mr. Taike's plane of consciousness, I feel the vibration of "walk straight along this path," and I simply need to keep

stepping forward steadily.

As I said earlier, *Arigatō*, written in 2006, is the origin of my learning. With the reprint of *Arigatō* as my starting point, I aspire to take another step forward.

And now, let us turn the clock back ten years.



Kayo Shiokawa (left) and her mother Shizuka (right)

On the occasion of the publication of “Arigatō (Thank You)”

I am delighted to have this chance to meet you through these pages.

I am Toyokichi Taike, author of *Flow of Consciousness—Together with Albert*. I am truly pleased that *Arigatō* has been published as a companion volume to *Flow of Consciousness*.

For about twenty years, through seminars and my writings, I have shared the message that human beings are not the physical body, but consciousness—existing eternally. Ms. Kayo Shiokawa, author of *Arigatō*, is a living testament to that truth.

I especially hope that those seeking answers to questions such as the following will read this book at least once:

Why was I born?

Who am I, really?

Is death something to fear? What happens after death?

Why do we suffer and struggle?

What is a mother to me?

Why does humanity repeat the tragedy of war?

Ms. Shiokawa is by no means an extraordinary person. In the present moment, she has encountered the world of true vibrations, and she has come to a firm conviction that her own being is in the midst of a Copernican revolution—from the physical body to consciousness. She continues to take steady steps toward the truth of the world of consciousness.

I see her as a companion who continually radiates the vibration of joy, and I believe you will feel that same vibration through this book. I hope you will read it, and begin the practice of looking into your own heart. This book explains clearly what you can discover when you look within, and how to go about doing so.

Truth can only be understood with the heart. It can never be grasped by the intellect. And truth is something that should be accessible to anyone—regardless of age or gender.

Yet, in reality, the world is full of people who, without knowing the truth, are steeped in desire, unaware that their ego towers above everything else, and convinced that they are wonderful, that they are right, and that they are never wrong.

Now is the turning point. Cherish the eternal now. Meet your true self. Discover your real nature. And, like the author, be able to say with confidence to yourself: “My life is happy.”

May you live your life to the fullest, able to say from your heart:

“I’m glad I was born. Thank you, Mother.”

“Life has been joy.”

“More than anything, I’m grateful to have met my true self.”

“Even death was joy.”

“Thank you—truly, thank you.”

August 2006

Tomekichi Taike



Mr. Taike Tomekichi at the Lake Biwa Seminar

Introduction - Summary

In this introduction, I share how life's hardest moments—my father's illness, my marriage, and my husband's passing—became turning points that led me to discover my true self.

What once felt like misfortune revealed itself as milestones, guiding me to awaken to the joy of simply being alive. The most decisive moment came when I met Tomekichi Taike, who opened my heart to the vastness of the world of consciousness.

These experiences may remind you of your own journey. As you read on, I invite you to look within your heart and walk together with me toward that same starting line of life.

Introduction

In our present age, life begins with birth, followed by an education, the step into society, and, for many, the formation of a family. Along the way, we meet people, encounter events, and pursue our work. These experiences color each life in unique ways.

Some journeys are cut short before dreams are fulfilled; others are forced to change direction unexpectedly. Rarely does life move forward exactly as we wish.

For my part, I can say with confidence: My life is a happy one. I can say this to myself—and because I can, I know I am happy. It is not because of someone beside me or something I possess, but because I feel, from the depths of my heart, joy simply in my own existence. I am profoundly grateful for the transformation that has made me this way.

With that gratitude, I naturally felt the urge to record something of an autobiographical nature. I wanted to say “thank you” to myself—the self who exists here and now in this one physical body. That desire led me to reflect on the forty-eight years since my birth and to decide that I will pass through the years ahead with the same feeling of gratitude. This writing marks one milestone in that journey.

It is not written with the hope of gaining readers or seeking

sympathy. I write for myself alone, to set down my thoughts honestly and openly, and to face my own foolishness without flinching.

I was born on March 9, 1959, in the Year of the Boar—said to charge headlong without hesitation. In 2006, I am forty-eight years old by the traditional count. I trust there is still time left for me in this physical body, but there is no doubt that the single most important turning point in my life was meeting Tomekichi Taike.

That meeting marked a decisive shift in my inner world—from darkness into light. Through it, I came to recognize within myself a profound growth in the realm of consciousness. In the pages ahead, I will share what that means to me. This meeting was, without question, the greatest turning point of my present lifetime.

I use the word “lifetime” deliberately. I do not believe I am only the person who now inhabits this physical body. I feel that I am something that has existed continuously through the flow of time, from the past into the future—that is my true self. From that perspective, this present lifetime is but one passing point. I live each day with that awareness.

Another term I use frequently is “the physical self” or “physical self.” Some may find it unusual, so I would like to explain it here. While “physical body” or “physical body” might be easier to accept, I intentionally use “physical.” By this I mean the world of form, including the physical body itself. To take the world of

form as the ultimate reality is what I call “physical thinking”—thoughts rooted in the physical. This is not limited to the human body; it includes all thoughts that arise when we take the tangible, visible world before us as reality and build our thinking upon it.

Throughout this book, you will encounter phrases such as “physical joy and happiness,” “the physical self,” “physical strength,” “the physical mind,” and “the physical mother.” In each case, the underlying assumption is that the physical body is one’s true self.

Those who have read this far may have sensed that “the physical” and “physical thinking” are central themes—and they would be right. I believe human beings live in a direction entirely opposite to the truth, that we have been living in error. Why I believe this, and what exactly those mistakes are, I will leave for you to decide after reading. My aim here is to look back on my own life, lived without knowing my true self, to observe my foolishness objectively, and to express as faithfully as I can what I have felt in my heart.

I will focus on two experiences: from my father’s illness to his passing, and from my marriage to my husband’s passing. Through these, I came to recognize that my true self exists within me, to understand its meaning and value, and to know the joy of continuing to exist. I believe these were events I had set and planned for myself. Because of them, I was able to reclaim my true self. They gave me both the opportunity to

reflect and the means to confirm what I found.

These two experiences were absolutely essential. Realizing this has allowed me to meet, here and now, the joyful and happy self I am. My father's illness, my marriage, and my husband's passing led to my meeting with Tomekichi Taike and to the awakening of consciousness within me. I began to ask: What exactly is the "me" I think I am? And if that is not the real me, then what is my true self? My father's passing moved me even more firmly in that direction. In this way, these two experiences became the preparation for the greatest turning point of this lifetime.

Until just a few years ago, I lived as most people do—grounded in the common sense and customs of the world, judging what I saw as right or wrong, criticizing, and holding up my own self. But when I freed my heart from those constraints, I began to see something new. When my heart touched a reality utterly different from what I had known, I realized: I have been mistaken. I had been a self far removed from the truth.

Now, at last, I feel I am standing at the true starting line of life.

August 2006

Kayo Shiokawa



Chapter 1

Father's Illness and the Path Toward Reliance on Others

Chapter 1 - Summary

In this chapter, I look back on my childhood, where love and fear coexisted. Though I grew up surrounded by warmth, my father's long struggle with depression cast a shadow over our home. My mother turned to religion, and I, too, was drawn to the allure of powers outside myself.

Yet even in that darkness, I now see how each experience—my father's illness, my family's suffering, and my own hidden anger—was quietly guiding me toward something deeper. Those years of struggle were not meaningless; they prepared me to ask, "Who am I, truly?"

As you turn to the next pages, I invite you to walk with me into those memories. They are not only my story, but perhaps also a mirror for your own journey of searching for light beyond the weight of the physical world.

1. Childhood and Family Background

I was born into a time of material abundance. I was blessed with both a father and a mother, and I had one younger brother, three years my junior. At birth I weighed over four kilograms—a large baby—but I have been told that I was physically fragile. My mother has told me how severe her morning sickness was when I was in her womb, and that even after I was finally born, my grandmother worried aloud, “Is she still alive?” I was weak, and by all accounts had a quick and fiery temper. There is no doubt that I was a child who required a great deal of care.

Even so, I was the first child in the family, and naturally I was doted on by my parents and warmly cherished by those around us. This can be seen clearly in photographs from my early childhood. Out of their love for me, my parents seem to have done everything they could within their means to provide for me in every possible way.

Because I was physically weak, I frequently ran a fever until I had my tonsils removed in the fourth grade. I now think this may have been one of the reasons my mother was eventually drawn toward religious practices that sought help from forces outside herself—though of course, it was not the only reason.

2. My Father's Illness and the Shadow Over Our Home

The first great burden, and the first key point of my story, was my father's illness.

I remember vividly the time when my father, in the middle of the day, lay under his bedding with the curtains drawn. This was just before I started elementary school, when I was filled with excitement over my brand-new desk. My father was a high school teacher, so it must have been during the spring break. I was in a cheerful mood, enjoying my new desk, my schoolbag, and my colorful stationery, when suddenly my father, still lying down, shouted, "Quiet!" His sharp tone startled me—it was the first time he had ever yelled at me. In hindsight, the rustling noises I made must have echoed painfully in his ears.

From then on, I began to notice that my father's behavior changed in cycles. He would pull the covers over his head, darken the room completely, and shut himself away for days on end. I can still picture him lying there, day and night, in a pitch-dark room.

Eventually, after visiting the psychiatric department at the Japanese Red Cross Hospital, he was diagnosed with depression. I later learned that the signs had been there even before my parents were married. I blamed my mother. I cursed my home. I thought, If only she had been more careful, she

would never have married a man like this. Then I would never have been born. I could have grown up in a bright, happy household. These thoughts took root in my heart when I was still a child, and I carried them for many years.

At that time, mental illness—whether depression or manic depression—was far less understood than it is today. Society's view of it was closed and narrow, and those affected wished to keep it hidden. I saw it as a shameful disease and never wanted my friends to find out. And like any illness, unless one lives in the same household, it is impossible to truly understand the pain, sadness, and fear it brings. In fact, even for family members, a mental illness can be hard to grasp—its causes are unclear, and without knowing the cause, one does not know how to respond. That was exactly our situation. The patient suffered, and the rest of us suffered alongside him, each clinging to our own pain and resentment. The atmosphere in the home was, of course, dark, and the only things that flowed between us were blame, lamentation, complaints, and grudges.

Who would have told us that an illness is not just a medical condition but also a reflection of the inner world each of us has cultivated? No one knew; no one understood. All we could do was spend our days desperately wishing for the suffering to end. In a household with a chronically ill member, it is easy for thoughts to turn into, *If only you weren't here*, or *Because of you, we're unhappy*, or *Why must we suffer like this?* Such thoughts were, I believe, endlessly repeated in our home.

3. Drifting Toward Reliance on External Salvation

We were no exception. Inevitably, we began to search for something—or someone—outside ourselves who could save us. If told, “You must hold memorial services for the wandering spirits of your ancestors” or “You must resolve your karmic bonds,” we would spend money on it. When people are desperate, they will cling to anything that offers hope, and such energy only grows stronger. In this way, people gather under the banner of what is called “faith in others’ power.”

I understand it now: without ever questioning it, most people wish for the safety and happiness of themselves and their families. They believe that if the household is safe and everyone is healthy, they will lead happy lives. Respecting one’s ancestors, producing descendants, passing on the family home, wealth, and name—these are considered natural duties. Working hard and contributing to society is praised as virtuous. Above all, living without trouble is regarded as happiness, and people shape their lives according to that social current. The world seems to offer countless choices for achieving such lives.

If someone possesses exceptional talent, intellect, or other abilities recognized by society, their life is seen as especially wonderful. Those with power, wealth, and influence might

even believe the world revolves around them. But what happens when the opposite is true? When illness, poverty, or other so-called disadvantages dominate a life? Is such a life truly nothing but darkness? And conversely, are those whose lives seem dazzling with success really living in joy?

If the standard is purely worldly, then yes: having money is better than having none, health is better than sickness, and power is better than weakness. And so people race through life like draft horses, striving for these goals. If they achieve what they want, it becomes a “great success story,” celebrated like a Cinderella dream. Even if setbacks come, the drive to achieve pushes them onward and upward. Such ambition is rarely called greed; it is often praised as admirable energy. Society applauds those who build empires, amass wealth, and leave their names in history.

But we must remember—every human being dies. The physical body will perish. If one’s entire foundation is the physical body, then life ends there. But is that truly the end? If not, what happens next? Does one simply lie in eternal rest beneath the grave?

If life ends completely with death, then spending one’s limited time in pursuit of worldly pleasures or achievements makes sense. But I feel this is not so. I believe we should view both life and ourselves from a far longer perspective.

Returning to my father—yes, for as long as I could remember, he lived in a state of depression. The difference between his well periods and his ill periods was stark, like night and day, heaven

and hell. I cursed the illness for changing him so drastically, for creating what seemed like a double personality.

Through my teenage years, I constantly watched his condition. When he was well, he was the best father I could have asked for—serious, principled, and dependable. When he fell ill, he would say things like, “I want to die,” “I can’t bear to face people,” “My body feels as heavy as if lead weights were hanging from my limbs,” or “My mood drops like an elevator in free fall.” These words weighed heavily on us all.

I feared he might throw himself in front of a train or stab himself. Sometimes his frustration would boil over and he would throw cushions or books, or strike the walls, tatami, or tables. His sharp eyes and rough manner terrified me. And yet, he never harmed us physically or troubled others—small mercies, perhaps, but mercies nonetheless.

Still, I was filled with fear, shame, resentment, and helplessness. Countless times I wished he were gone. I killed him over and over in my mind. I could hardly bear to look into his eyes when his face was drawn and tense. Each day, I would think, Is Father all right today? Will he be in a good mood?

When my father was bedridden, the house grew dark, and my mother, burdened with her own suffering, poured her complaints into me. Though I understood her pain, she had no clear solution—only repeated laments. I looked down on her for it. Even so, she did her best to support my father. Given our circumstances, it would not have been surprising if she had

abandoned the household altogether. But she stayed—caring for him, for us children, and running the family business she had inherited from her parents.

It was in this environment that she turned increasingly to faith in others' power. She longed for something—anything—that could free us from our suffering and explain why such an illness had befallen us. Her childhood practice of reciting Namu Amida Butsu before the family altar intensified after marriage, as my father's illness deepened. Dissatisfied even then, she took to chanting the Heart Sutra at length, and tried anything she heard might help. At one point she even joined a religious organization, rising before dawn to attend gatherings that preached discipline and family solidarity as the path to happiness. Yet always, beneath it all, was the desire for physical comfort and happiness. That is the nature of reliance on others—it flows naturally from taking the physical world as the only reality.

4. The Allure of a Charismatic Leader's Power

In the midst of this, my mother heard about yet another religious group, and on one occasion I went with her to one of their gatherings. There, before my own eyes, I saw what appeared to be something mysterious and extraordinary—ritual movements that claimed to remove the cause of

physical ailments from the afflicted parts of a person's body. To me, they seemed utterly convincing. I thought to myself, How amazing.

The leader's manner of speaking was equally captivating—confident, imposing, and delivered with a commanding presence. I believed that he could speak so clearly, decisively, and powerfully because he held some unshakable conviction within himself. More than the content of his talk, it was his presence, combined with the strange demonstration I had witnessed, that drew me in.

At first, my reason for attending was simple: I wanted my father to be cured. I wanted the cause of his suffering removed, if such a thing were possible. And so, I returned to that meeting place several times, even attending an overnight seminar in Hakone. Yet, despite the long journey, the seminar proved dull, and I left feeling it had been a waste. It was both my first and last seminar there.

Still, over time my feelings shifted. The initial wish for my father's recovery gave way to a fascination with the leader's "power." I began to think, Perhaps such mysterious power lies hidden within me as well. I wanted to find some key, some opportunity, to awaken that power. My thoughts gradually turned in that direction until I was firmly captivated. I came to believe that this leader was truly remarkable—a possessor of extraordinary power.

In comparison, the traditional practices of clasping one's

hands before a household altar or a family grave and praying for happiness to the ancestors now seemed old-fashioned and ineffectual. What excited me far more was the idea of unearthing the latent power within myself.

Not long afterward, I heard that the leader had died—accompanied by rumors that he had foretold the date of his own passing. This only deepened my impression that he was an exceptional figure. The group was taken over by his daughter, but my attachment had been to him personally. With his death, my visits ceased naturally.

Even so, the fact remained: my father's illness had driven my mother deeper into faiths of reliance on others, and it had drawn me as well toward a figure whose mysterious power seemed to hold the promise of rescue.

5. Everyday Life with My Father and Family Memories

Despite all such efforts, my father's illness remained unchanged. He moved between periods of relative health and bouts of depression, and we lived accordingly. Yet I must repeat: when he was well, he was as good a father as any child could hope for.

He taught at a private high school, and in addition he worked

with my mother in the family store inherited from her parents. They rose early and worked late, taking only one regular day off each month. Sundays were workdays, and only during New Year's and the Bon Festival would the store close for a few days. At year's end, the shop would finally close only after the NHK Red and White Song Festival finished on December 31. Even during the New Year holidays, my father would open the store if the public bath nearby was running a special morning bath on the second day. Both of my parents worked tirelessly.

And yet, they still made time for family. We often went on short outings with a packed lunch, and occasionally on longer trips. In summer we went to pools and the seaside, in winter to hot springs, and during the pleasant seasons we hiked. My earliest outings, before kindergarten, were often with my father alone when my mother could not leave the shop. Looking back at photos of myself playing in the rooftop amusement park of a department store, I realize now that my mother was absent from those days—but there were also many memories of dining out as a family of four.

I grew up in an era of growing material prosperity and benefited from it fully. There was never a day when we lacked food or clothing. In fact, I often felt my parents provided me with not just what I needed, but something a step above. Still, despite this material abundance, I resented my parents and thought to myself, Why was I born into this family?

6. The Constraints of a Child's Heart

Yet the fact remained: my father was ill—mentally ill, with what seemed an inescapable, incomprehensible affliction. I hated the illness. I saw it as a stain on myself and my family, the source of our misfortune. I imagined that if only the illness did not exist, our lives could be happy. Instead, I felt trapped in a pitch-dark cellar of despair from which there was no escape. I thought, No matter what we do, we will be haunted by this suffering for the rest of our lives.

Of course, I did not realize then that the darkness surrounding us was a projection of the dark thoughts within my own heart. My mother's reliance on outside salvation deepened, and my own yearning for "power" grew ever stronger. Together we remained mired in blackness.

Because of my father's illness, I felt a strong, unspoken resolve not to give my mother any further cause for worry. Even when I felt rebellious toward her, I kept it inside, knowing how much she already bore. In that sense, I may not have been a typical child. I lived my early years always watching my parents' expressions and moods, measuring my behavior against them. Relatives and neighbors often described me as a "mature" child, and I believe they were right.

I think my mother, burdened with both the store and my

father's illness, relied on me as the elder child. And so I bound my own heart, playing the outward role of the "good daughter" while inside I was all darkness. I restrained my true feelings, keeping them locked away, and learned to present a compliant surface to the world, even as my inner world was filled with resentment, fear, and gloom.



The author's childhood

Chapter 2

My Marriage

Chapter 2 - Summary

In this chapter, I reflect on my marriage, entered with the hope of escaping the heavy air of my childhood home. At first I believed that being loved would bring me happiness, yet I soon found myself caught in pride, loneliness, and conflict with my husband's family. Outwardly, life seemed comfortable, but inside an emptiness remained.

Even passing the tax accountant exam did not bring lasting fulfillment. My husband's secret financial losses, and later his illness, deepened my disillusionment. Looking back, I see that my motives for marriage were clouded, and that is why joy could not be found.

These memories invite us to ask: What do we truly seek in marriage? And what lies beneath the comfort or emptiness we feel in our daily lives?

1. The State of Modern Society and Families

Today, Japan faces the social problem of a declining birthrate. When I was in elementary and junior high school—through the 1960s and 1970s—few of my friends attended cram school. Now, it seems that everyone, whether from Shinto or Buddhist families, sends their children to cram school. It is common to see mothers driving their children there in their own cars. Even entrance into kindergarten has become a competitive “entrance exam.” Don’t you think this is a strange trend? From prestigious private kindergartens, children advance seamlessly through the same school system up to university—the energy parents devote to their children is immense. Higher education leads to higher income. Fewer children are born, and all parental resources are concentrated on the one child they do have.

Most children are pushed from an early age into endless studying and the grueling competition of exams. Naturally, they are busy. In the limited free time they have, they immerse themselves in video games. It seems that both in study and in play, they are absorbed in their own worlds. There are more children who cannot get along well with others, or who lose their temper over the slightest thing. Some relieve their stress by bullying those weaker than themselves. Whether due to strict control from their

parents or the opposite—being overprotected—children’s inner worlds are now in a state of crisis.

We now live in an age overflowing with every kind of information. While enjoying freedom in such a society may be fine, the price to be paid is enormous. And in people’s hearts, it is “money, money, money.” You need money to be happy; those who earn money are admirable—this belief runs deep. For example, a boy might simply love baseball or soccer and dream of becoming a professional player; this has not changed from the past. Yet sadly, even in the world of sports, money has seeped into every corner.

From the postwar chaos, society settled, then entered the era of high economic growth. The hard work of “worker bees” supported the Japanese economy and brought about remarkable recovery. Then the economic bubble burst, and before we knew it, the “middle-class consciousness” shared by the Japanese people had given way to widening economic disparity. The rich grow ever richer, while the gap with those who have less widens still further. I believe Japan is becoming a nation increasingly controlled by money. Of course, the same is true of other countries. That is why various crimes occur, and why incidents and accidents that instill fear and anxiety in people’s hearts happen as a matter of daily routine.

Even in such social conditions, parents still wish for their children’s happiness and hope they grow up healthy. But what is that happiness? What are the limitless dreams and visions

for the future entrusted to children? On what standards are parents basing their ideas of happiness, dreams, and the future? What answers can they offer?

Of course, hardly anyone considers such things when deciding to marry. People marry because they are in love, or because they feel it was a fated encounter, setting out on a new life together in the heat of youthful passion. Forming a family with a good partner is natural. I was no exception. However, my motive for marriage was, in many ways, impure.

Surely, no one marries someone they do not like. Encounters and beginnings vary, but at the very least, both must see something good in each other—or, more fervently, feel “it has to be this person”—for marriage to happen. Yet, even with such a start, the feelings of that time soon fade, buried under the busy routine of daily life, with small quarrels gradually accumulating. When a child is born, a mother’s heart, in particular, becomes centered on the child. The child takes precedence over the husband. I am not saying that husbands cease to matter, but for many wives, as long as the husband works hard and brings home money for herself and the child, that is enough. A husband who does not provide financially may even be branded as worthless—like a piece of bulky garbage. Even short of that, some men find themselves quietly shunned by wife and children, until one day they realize they no longer have a place in their own home. And so, they look outside the family for a sense of self-worth—seeking places, people, or things that will recognize

them. For some, that is their workplace; for others, it is women, alcohol, or gambling. What kind of children are raised in such a household, in such a marital relationship?

There are mothers who push their children into competitive school entrance exams, placing excessive expectations upon them; children who, under that maternal pressure, struggle desperately to break free; and fathers who pretend not to see. Families that seem peaceful on the surface may, when you look into their hearts, be in turmoil. Perhaps the family is not truly bound together at all. What, in the end, holds a family together?

2. Motives for Marriage and Escape from Home

Now, to return to my own story.

I have already said that my motive for marriage was impure—and yes, that is exactly how it was. I wanted to get away from the environment of my father's illness. And then, as if a ship had come just when I needed to cross, there appeared a man who was fond of me. He was not particularly handsome, nor was he blessed with exceptional intelligence, and his family background was quite ordinary. Yet, pressed by his fervent proposal, I found myself boarding that ship. That means, of course, that I wanted to open up a new world for myself—and I must admit that I was drawn to the kind of person he was. But my motives were impure,

and at the age of twenty-three I carried in my mind the idea that in marriage, the balance of power was what really mattered. I believed it was better to marry someone who loved me than to marry someone I loved. I thought that, if a man loved me this much, surely he would make me happy.

It was far from a union born of pure passion; I had made my own calculations. Looking back now, I realize I was already caught up in a game of bargaining and maneuvering—my character, in truth, was already corrupted.

But my calculations were completely mistaken. There was my husband's mother and his younger sister—in other words, my mother-in-law and my sister-in-law. The three of them—my husband, his mother, and his sister—formed a solid alliance. I remained an outsider through and through.

To my mother-in-law, her eldest son—my husband—was more dependable than her other two children and was the one she cherished most. For this son, who had always been so devoted to her and so partial toward her, to suddenly put his wife first—this must have been an intolerable change in her heart.

For my part, I thought, “Before we married, you always put me first in everything,” and I resented the way my husband now brought his mother into our conversations and decisions. “Put me first. Treat me as number one.” I poured that thought toward him again and again.

At times, my feelings were so strong that I felt like seizing him by the collar and demanding, “Which will you choose—

your mother or me?” I was ready to challenge him in that way. It was, in spirit, the same as the fierce clashes between wives and mothers-in-law that so often happen in the world. Outwardly, we never fought in such an open and heated manner, but in my heart that is exactly what was going on.

Later, when I learned to look into my own heart, I confirmed this for myself. The same was true in my dealings with my sister-in-law.

The family I had married into placed great emphasis on educational background. My mother-in-law, born in the early Shōwa era, had graduated from a girls’ high school; her daughter had graduated from a prestigious national university in Osaka; and both her sons had at least graduated from private universities in Kansai. The bride they brought in—me—had only completed high school.

I heard, indirectly, that my mother-in-law had said she wished the woman marrying into the family had at least graduated from a junior college. I seized on that remark and held it tightly. It was not something I could just let pass. I felt I had been looked down on.

“Just you wait. I’ll show you. Damn it!” That thought surged up within me. And that energy transformed into energy for study—study aimed at acquiring qualifications. I had already been studying since before my marriage, but now my desire was to get even, to make them acknowledge me.

3. Academic Inferiority and the Path to Qualifications

The high school I attended was a college-preparatory school where most students went on to university. I too set my sights on university entrance and studied as hard as I could, but the barrier was high. I failed the entrance exams twice—once in my final year of high school, and again after a year of studying as a rōnin.

Even though my parents allowed me to attend a cram school during my gap year, I must have been studying in the wrong way. In any case, the result was failure, and what remained in me was the heavy sense of defeat and the sting of inferiority.

After my second failure, I felt I had reached the limit of my academic ability. The will to try a third time simply wasn't there, and the idea of going to university itself faded into the distance. Now, looking back, I realize that I hadn't even had a clear goal for going to university in the first place. It was just that "everyone else is going, so I will too." Once I realized that, my desire quickly evaporated.

What remained was only the bitter aftertaste of failure. And then came the pressing question: what to do next?

Coming from a college-preparatory high school and having failed the university entrance exams twice, I had no clear path to employment. I had no skill with an abacus, no special

talents. But I couldn't simply do nothing, so I decided to start with bookkeeping.

I went to a bookkeeping school during the day and took the Chamber of Commerce's certification exams. This routine continued for about a year after I failed the entrance exams.

Then, through connections from my family's business, I was offered a job. The idea of working in a place where I knew someone felt more secure than entering an entirely unfamiliar environment. So, in June—about a year after that bitter exam season—I entered a financial institution as a midyear hire.

It was there that I met the man who would become my husband. He joined the bank the year after I did, fresh from university. My first impression of him was of a man wearing thick glasses like the bottoms of milk bottles; I never dreamed I would marry him. Yet, about two years after we met, and to the surprise of my parents as well as myself, we were married.

In the spring of my third year at the bank, he was twenty-nine and I was twenty-four.

At that point, I changed jobs to one where I could make use of the bookkeeping skills I had acquired. And from then on, spurred on by that “damn it” energy, I set my sights on becoming a licensed tax accountant—balancing work, basic household duties, and study for the qualification.

If I had passed the university entrance exams, I would never have entered that bank, never have met him, and likely never have married at all.

I had little desire for marriage to begin with. Having watched my mother, worn down and resentful over my father's illness, I had resolved never to live a life like hers.

4. The Reality of Married Life and Inner Conflict

When I married, I became not only a wife but also a daughter-in-law in a household with firmly established relationships. My husband's mother and younger sister were already closely bound to him, and it was as if the three of them formed a tight circle with no room for me to enter. I was on the outside from the very start.

From my mother-in-law's point of view, her eldest son—my husband—was the most reliable of her children and the one she cherished most. To have that son, who had always been so devoted to her, suddenly turn his attention toward his wife must have been deeply unsettling for her.

As for me, I could not help thinking, Before we were married, you always put me first. I resented the way my husband, who used to put me at the center of everything, now included his mother in our decisions. Again and again I poured my thoughts toward him: Put me first. Treat me as number one.

The feelings in my heart sometimes became so intense that I wanted to grab him by the collar and shout, “Which will you choose—your mother or me?” I was ready to force that confrontation if it came to it. In truth, the emotional battle within me was no different from the open clashes that wives and mothers-in-law are famous for. Outwardly, there were no loud fights, but in my heart, that was exactly what was happening.

When I later learned to look into my own heart, I realized just how much resentment I had been holding—not only toward my mother-in-law, but toward my sister-in-law as well.

The family I had married into valued educational background above all else. My mother-in-law, born in the early Shōwa era, had graduated from a girls’ high school. Her daughter had graduated from a top national university in Osaka. Both her sons had graduated from private universities in Kansai. And then there was me—the bride they had brought in—whose education had ended with high school.

I heard indirectly that my mother-in-law had once said she wished the woman marrying into the family had at least graduated from a junior college. I seized on that remark and held it in my heart like a thorn. It was not something I could simply brush aside. I felt I had been looked down upon.

“Just you wait. I’ll show you. Damn it!” Those words surged up inside me. The energy of that indignation turned into the energy to study—study aimed at gaining qualifications that

would force them to acknowledge me. I had already been studying since before my marriage, but now my desire was no longer simply to learn. It was to win.

Daily life, however, was far from easy. I worked outside the home just as my husband did, yet I was expected to do most of the housework. At first, he helped with chores, but gradually he began to say, “I’m tired from work,” or, “You can do it better than I can,” until helping became the exception rather than the rule.

I felt my frustration rising, but I kept silent. Speaking up would only create arguments, and with my mother-in-law and sister-in-law nearby, I knew I would be outnumbered. I told myself to endure, to adapt, to make the best of it.

Still, at night when the house was quiet, I sometimes lay awake and thought, Why did I marry into this family? Why did I choose this life? The answers never came. All I could do was remind myself that this was my own choice, that I could not simply blame others.

Yet the feeling of being an outsider in my own home never left me. My heart longed for a place where I could breathe freely, where I could be entirely myself without having to measure every word and action. That longing lay quietly within me, waiting for the day it would push me to act.

5. My Husband's Betrayal and the Ache in My Heart

Not long after we married, I began to sense subtle changes in my husband. At first, I told myself it was just my imagination, or perhaps the natural shift that comes once the early days of marriage have passed. But small signs accumulated—an evasive look, unexplained absences, a sudden change in the way he dressed.

One day, quite by chance, I learned the truth. There was another woman. The discovery hit me like a blow to the chest, leaving me unable to breathe for a moment.

In that instant, my mind was flooded with thoughts: How could he do this? After everything, after choosing me? Was all his love a lie? At the same time, another voice whispered inside: You married for impure reasons. You calculated. Perhaps this is the price you pay.

I could not bring myself to confront him directly at first. My feelings were too tangled—anger, humiliation, sorrow, and a strange, bitter resignation. I carried the knowledge in silence, testing him in small ways, watching his reactions, and each time feeling the wound inside me grow deeper.

When I finally did speak to him, it was not with shouting or tears, but with a cold, measured voice. I told him what I knew.

He denied it at first, then gave vague answers, then tried to shift the blame onto me—saying that I had changed, that I was too focused on my studies and work, that I had neglected him.

Those words cut deeper than the betrayal itself. It was as if he had taken my very effort to improve myself—to gain qualifications, to stand on my own two feet—and turned it into a weapon against me.

From that point on, our marriage was never the same. Outwardly, we continued as before. We still ate at the same table, still exchanged the expected words in front of others. But inside, I built walls around my heart.

And yet, despite the hurt, I could not entirely erase the bond we had once shared. Late at night, I sometimes found myself remembering the early days—how he had looked at me before we married, the warmth of his voice when he first proposed. Those memories ached like an old wound that flares up in cold weather—no longer bleeding, but never truly healed.

I told myself I would not let this define me. I would keep walking my own path, no matter how rocky. But somewhere deep inside, the ache remained—a reminder of the tangled web of love, pride, and calculation that had brought me here.



The author's youth

Chapter 3

My Husband's Illness and Death

Chapter 3 - Summary

In this chapter, I recount the years of my husband's illness, when despair, helplessness, and fear weighed heavily on me. His suffering became my own, and I often felt crushed under its heaviness. Yet even in that darkness, I began to sense that these trials were pointing me toward something greater.

His death, though filled with sorrow, became a turning point. It pressed me to ask: Who am I beyond grief? What remains when everything familiar is gone?

This chapter shows how loss—though painful—can become a doorway to discovering the self that endures beyond death.

1. A Sudden Diagnosis and the News of Death

Before I knew it, the result of blaming myself while neglecting him had erupted all at once in our tenth year together. I never imagined that we would come to our conclusion in such a way, but it burst forth with stunning force.

My husband had always been healthy. Well-built, he had never suffered a serious illness—or even anything one could call a real sickness. Then one day, feeling only a slight change in his condition, he went to the hospital without much concern. The diagnosis was lung cancer. He had never smoked a day in his life. The cancer was already at stage four out of five, and beyond the point where surgery was possible. Suddenly, the two of us were confronted with this harsh reality.

Naturally, everyone around us was shocked and bewildered, and then came the waves of sorrow and despair—crashing in all at once. It was late autumn of 1992. My husband was thirty-nine, and I was thirty-three. From that moment on, things became overwhelming. The feeling that “what was bound to come had finally arrived,” along with the fear of death that dwelled within me, completely consumed my heart. I had no room left in me to even care for my husband.

2. In Search of My Inner Pillar

From then on, I visited my husband—who had been admitted to the Japanese Red Cross Hospital, where my father had long been cared for—twice a day: once during my lunch break, and again after work until visiting hours ended. I lived each day this way.

How much longer did he have to live? What exactly would happen as the cancer reached its final stage? While facing the fear of death and a host of other anxieties, I also had to confront another reality: ever since the doctor had given me my husband's cancer diagnosis, I had felt that I had no foundation to stand on at all. The question of what it means to live for oneself had resurfaced sharply within me through this experience. What was I supposed to do from here, and how was I to go about it? I could not avoid feeling the truth that I had no answer.

When I asked myself what “living for oneself” meant in light of my husband's diagnosis, I realized that I had always believed it was something one carves out with one's own strength, something one can indeed carve out. If you try hard enough, you can make things work—such effort, such wholehearted striving, was something I had considered admirable. The message telling me I was wrong came in the form of the reality that my husband had cancer. I had believed in my physical self, in the power of the physical body, and

now I was faced with a situation where the physical body could do nothing. You can do nothing about a person's death. I felt my own helplessness. I felt the fragility of human life. And I realized that I had no central pillar within me. From then on, I had no idea how I was supposed to live.

It wasn't about money. It wasn't about the means to get by in life. The reality I had come up against was that I lacked the essential, vital pillar for how I could exist as myself. Naturally, I wanted to know what that pillar was.

A few months earlier, in the world of consciousness, I had already thought of my husband as gone. When the cancer diagnosis came, I was certain this time he would really die, so I saw no point in praying to God to save his life. But my mother-in-law's thoughts seemed to dwell on nothing else. She even said that my "unlucky year" at age thirty-three had somehow fallen upon my son instead, and perhaps for that reason she secretly believed in supernatural powers. It was truly a case of grasping at straws. She even did unscientific things like having new underwear blessed in prayer, believing that wearing them would heal ailments. Holding onto the faintest shred of hope, she threw herself into such foolish acts. Call it foolishness if you will, but if you understand a parent's feelings for their child, perhaps it is not so hard to nod in sympathy. Without knowing the truth, I suspect most people would be much the same.

As for me, I was, in my own way, desperately searching for something to hold on to while my physical self was in turmoil.

Faced with the harsh reality, the greater severity for me was the fact that I had no inner pillar. And that is when something my mother had occasionally mentioned to me came to mind—the “study meetings of the heart.” To be honest, I had thought these meetings were just another form of the faith-in-others religion my mother had once practiced, so I had always listened half-heartedly and let her words pass by. But now, with no idea what to do, I decided, at least for the moment, to knock on the door of this “learning” the very next day after the cancer diagnosis.

In this way, the reality of my husband’s illness and impending death became the event that led me into the true world. Of course, my motive was not a plea for my husband’s life, but rather a wish to save my own heart—myself. By that time, my husband was already gone in my mind. Outwardly, I framed it as a consultation, but what I felt in my heart that day had already given me my answer: “Ah, I was wrong.” From that point on, I think my heart already sensed how I should live from here. I had begun to feel faintly that what I had been searching for all along was here.

It was for that reason that, although I did not know how much longer my husband had to live, I truly wanted to care for him as best I could. Day after day, I went back and forth between my workplace and the hospital. At the same time, I began to engage more actively with the world of learning through the study booklets.

The doctors and nurses seemed to show concern for me, the

young wife of a man struck by such a serious illness. But to me, such things hardly mattered. In any case, medicine could do nothing more than ease his pain; his death, I believed, would come sooner or later. I had no desire to cling to the doctors, and I asked that they do only the bare minimum of tests. In fact, I looked down on them, thinking that even doctors could only judge by numbers on test results. I disliked being pitied. Above all, I did not want to be looked at with eyes of compassion.

3. My Husband's Final Moments and a New Beginning

Fearing the onset of the final stage of illness, I thought about how I should care for my husband when that time came. Yet his condition proved far less demanding than I had been told to expect. His weight was unchanged from when he was healthy, and there was little I needed to do in the way of nursing. As a result, I never experienced the exhaustion that comes from long-term caregiving. I did not think much of it at the time, but looking back, it was strange.

There was something else strange as well—something I had dreamed became reality the very next time I went to his hospital room. In the dream, my husband told me that the chemotherapy had cut off blood flow to his extremities, and

the toes of one foot had become necrotic. The dream proved to be true. The attending physician told me that, as things stood, the foot would have to be amputated. Even I, hardened as I thought I was, could not bring myself to tell my husband immediately that he might lose a foot.

Just then, before I had decided how to break the news, events took another turn. Three months after being admitted, in February 1993, my husband passed away at the age of thirty-nine. I was honestly relieved that he had gone without the need for an amputation. It was the first time I had ever been present at a person's death. I can still remember the sensation of giving him the final sip of water. At that moment, I felt something within me begin to crumble—not so much out of loneliness or grief, but more as a stirring sense of “what comes next.”

From there, the funeral and all subsequent memorial rites were handled entirely by my husband's family. That arrangement seemed to come about naturally. Perhaps my own parents thought it only proper, since their son-in-law had died before them, but to me, it was all very convenient. In its way, it too felt strange. I simply went along with my in-laws' wishes. I was far from any true understanding at that time and had no grasp of ideas such as “why funerals might be unnecessary.” At that point, I had no choice but to follow along. Even when I was told to come each week until the forty-ninth day because the temple priest would be visiting, I could not say, “No, I won't go.” I even contributed my share toward a new family altar my in-laws had

purchased. For me, such things mattered little, but for parents who had lost their only son, they may have been among the few things left they could do as parents.

My mother-in-law in particular poured her heart into these rituals. At the wake, she carefully dressed my husband in his burial robes, telling him earnestly, “May you attain Buddhahood.” She questioned the temple priest in detail about the altar, never letting the incense go out, always offering freshly cooked rice first to the altar—she was like that in everything. My father-in-law still had his business to occupy him, but I believe my mother-in-law spent much of every day before the altar, immersed in the grief of losing her son. Whether that grief was the direct cause or not, I cannot say, but two or three years later, she too died of lung cancer—in the very same hospital as her son.

As for me, I had already begun to see the path I was meant to follow. My mind was elsewhere, fixed firmly on what lay ahead. I sorted through my husband’s belongings, renovated my home, and steadily made preparations. I had no time to sink into sorrow over losing him. Just two months after his death, in April 1993, I was able—though only for one night—to attend my first seminar in Atami. That marked the true beginning of my life. Placing seminars at the center of my daily life became a natural current within me. Until then, it had been my mother urging me, time and again, to attend; now I was going of my own accord, with real enthusiasm.

From a worldly perspective, a husband dying before forty and the young widow he leaves behind might seem the height of misfortune. But for me, it was quite the opposite. I had put the brakes on my own mistakes. I felt that I had chosen, for myself, the most decisive way to do so. My long-held doubts and worries began to dissolve.

Why had I married? It was to turn around—the “turning” of my physical self. Here I use the word “turning” deliberately. In the pages ahead, you will see unfamiliar terms such as “turning of the heart,” “turning of consciousness,” and “Albert.” I explain them in the latter part of this book. For now, please understand “turning of the heart” and “turning of consciousness” as a shift from believing the world of form to be real, to recognizing the world of consciousness as the true reality. And remember that “Albert” is a key to making that shift.

To return to my story—I had chosen an extraordinary set of circumstances. Of course, one single event is not enough on its own, but it was sufficient to change the direction of my inner compass. It would not have worked if my husband had simply been ill and then recovered in time. His death was, for me, an essential event. Seen in that light, even his ardent pursuit of me in marriage makes sense, as does my acceptance of it despite having no particular dreams of marriage.

And so the scenario continued. Remaining forever in grief, wrapped in sorrow as a tragic widow, would have led nowhere. In such darkness, one might drown in drink, in men, in other

distractions. Some choose that path. I did not. I faced the reality head-on and resolved to change my direction from there. I determined to use my energy to turn a negative event into something positive. That is how it took the form of attending seminars. I seized the turning point. I am simply grateful now that I was able to guide myself toward the direction of truth.

4. Lessons Learned from Marriage and Family Relationships

Human beings are weak. We carry lonely hearts. Without knowing the truth, people go on wandering—that is what I believe. No matter how noble a philosophy one might profess, in the end, those who do not know their true essence will, I think, continue down the road of moral decline.

The time from meeting my husband, to marriage, to his death was by no means wasted for me. Marriage equals childbirth—that is the so-called common sense of the world. Within that framework, I spent no small amount of emotional energy. I experienced the shifting thoughts of wanting or not wanting to have children, of being willing or unwilling to bring a child into the world.

I am sorry to say that I never had the pure, earnest feeling of “I want very much to bear this man’s child.” For me, the sense

of heavy responsibility for raising a child far outweighed any such desire. I also believed there could be no greater sin than ending a life—snuffing out the bud of existence—out of sheer selfishness for reasons such as finances, which are merely the consequences of one's own desires. If I were to have a child, I would have to take full responsibility. I could never abandon or neglect a child as one might a dog or cat, nor did I have such a broad or easygoing heart.

It is easy to say, “Children have their own lives,” but once they are born into this world in physical form, it is difficult to keep one's heart detached from them. Ideally, a parent would look into their own heart through raising a child, growing alongside them—that would be best. But in reality, I wonder if it is truly that simple. If a mother, at the time she bears a child, knows what is truly important and lives by it, then she can indeed share joy with her child and walk the path of joy together. But if we waited for that to happen, we might end up in a society with not just a declining birthrate, but no births at all. This is, of course, an extreme and unrealistic conclusion, but I say it to show how deeply we are buried in the physical self, and how truly difficult it is for us to turn our consciousness. A half-hearted effort is simply not enough.

I believe that deep down, I had already sensed that I was not born for the purpose of marriage, nor for the purpose of bearing children. And yet, because I did not fully understand this at the time, my physical self continued to struggle and

agonize over such matters.

In reality, parents who know nothing give birth to children and raise them, and both parent and child suffer and gasp for breath in the midst of suffering as the parent-child relationship continues. And that is fine, in its way. Fathers and mothers have children in order to look into their own hearts, and children are born to look into theirs as well. If both sides could become aware of this, the relationship would become something wonderful, transcending the framework of parent and child. But without reaching that point, the more the relationship is bound by the physical body and blood, the greater and deeper the suffering tends to be.

Breaking free from the framework of a blood-bound parent-child relationship is extremely difficult, but even more troublesome is marriage between two complete strangers. Unless both see each other as material for looking into their own hearts—unless they grasp each other with the heart—marriage can be nothing but a seed of great suffering. In reality, there is no shortage of marriages that exist only in form. Even if the surface is kept up, the inside remains in turmoil. Couples bound only by desire, wearing the mask of marriage, rarely think about why they married or why they had children—they simply reach the end of their lives that way.

Through taking the form of marriage, I was given relationships with in-laws—father-in-law, mother-in-law, and sister-in-law. Thanks to this, I experienced firsthand the folly

of people who live only by taking the world of form as real. From this, there is much that one is meant to learn, but I also came to see that unless each person touches the true world, such relationships bear little fruit. When both sides see each other only as physical beings, it is impossible to live together in true harmony and peace. Trying to force it only produces distorted energy, which in turn makes human relationships all the more complicated. Having seen that foolishness up close, I felt that was enough—that I needed nothing more.

As if unnecessary things were simply disappearing from before me, the year after my first seminar I took part in a seminar in the United States. That became the opportunity to return to my maiden name and leave my husband's family. Since I had no children, the process was simple. In this way, I literally became unburdened, and my life was set in order so that I could focus myself entirely on the seminars.

Chapter 4

Finally, I Was Able to Attend the Seminar

Chapter 4 - Summary

In this chapter, I share how my first steps into the seminar hall were filled with doubts and desires for power. Slowly, however, I came to see that what mattered was not extraordinary ability, but the courage to look honestly into my own heart.

The seminar became a mirror, showing me both my foolishness and the joy of turning toward the truth. There, I felt the presence of love that had always been waiting within.

Perhaps you, too, have sought answers outside yourself. This chapter invites you to see how, by turning inward, the path of learning opens before us.

1. Longing for Power and My Own Insensitivity

At first, I came to the seminar because I wanted to know how I should live as myself. But once I actually attended, what first caught my interest was the channeling and the channelers, which were quite popular at the time. This stirred up an old feeling within me—an urge to draw out my own inner power.

I regarded channeling as an ability, in other words, as a form of power. Naturally, I wanted to discover that power within myself and make it grow. What did I intend to do with such power once I had unearthed it? Perhaps to boast of my abilities and stand above others? To read people's minds and manipulate them? Everyone likely has their own motives. In my case, I thought that having such an ability would help me progress more smoothly in the work of looking into my own heart, which was what the seminar was teaching. And if that work went smoothly, I believed it would be a shortcut to discovering the truth I had long been seeking. Even here, I was foolishly calculating, letting my head take the lead. I was inflating thoughts centered on my physical self and my intellect.

Yet, contrary to my calculations, I was the very picture of long-standing insensitivity. By “insensitive,” I mean that the shell of the physical self was too thick for anything to truly resonate in my heart. This learning was not about

understanding with the head, but about understanding with the heart—and in such a state of dullness, that was impossible. I did practice self-reflection and meditation, but I had no real sense of how much I was actually feeling it in my heart. That state lasted for five or six years after I began learning. During that time, the teaching that “we are children of God, we are God” honestly felt unreal to me. And as for “El Ranti Taike,” I have to admit I had only a vague, half-understood sense of what that meant.

Still, I had no shortage of material for reflection. I had always been selfish, willful, and self-serving, so the thoughts I had directed toward others were nothing but self-centered. The idea of being “pure, righteous, and beautiful” was laughable; I could only agree wholeheartedly that my heart was pitch-black. I didn’t believe in angels either. My confidence in the strength of the physical self had already crumbled in the face of my husband’s illness and death. In truth, though I might call myself fine or admirable, my life in the physical world was quite ordinary, nothing remarkable. In the seminars, I remained dull and unresponsive, and I could feel those words ringing hollow inside me.

In this lifetime, I had not particularly devoted myself to any faith in an external deity, nor had I immersed myself in reading the Bible, philosophical works, or books on the spiritual world. So when people spoke about Jesus or Mary, or about the reincarnation of the Buddha, I listened as if it were someone

else's story. I had thought at times that I might have lived in the same era as Jesus or the Buddha, but rather than connecting that to my present self-reflection, I was more interested in it from simple curiosity. That said, as I mentioned earlier, I had taken the founder of a certain religious group into my heart, so I would unconsciously compare that founder with Mr. Tomekichi Taike, who led the seminars. The founder gave impassioned lectures and demonstrations with all his strength. By contrast, Mr. Taike's speaking style was calm and even-toned. At the time, the seminars centered on channeling and channelers, and while I was drawn to the seminars themselves, I felt less of a pull toward Mr. Taike as a person. This was because the presence of the founder I had embraced loomed large in my mind. I had no way then of understanding in my heart what that meant. Even so, as instructed, day after day, I wrote in my notebook about the thoughts I had directed toward my mother, toward the founder, and toward the people around me.

One of the first things we were told upon gathering for the study was to reflect on our mother—that is, to look at the thoughts we had directed toward her. My immediate reaction was, "There's no way I can do that." The feeling was instantaneous, accompanied even by a sense of aversion. I instantly sensed a thick wall between myself and my mother. Of course, this was in reference to my physical mother in this lifetime, and in truth I did not especially dislike her. But the feelings I carried toward the countless mother-consciousnesses

that had lived on within me—tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, perhaps beyond number—must have been that intense. The consciousness of “mother” is the warmth within me, and my fierce rejection of that warmth, my turning away and closing my heart to it, was undeniable proof of how I had existed until now.

Even so, I already felt there was something here that I had been searching for all along. So I tried, in my own way, to work through the tasks I was given in the seminars. I followed the instructions faithfully. At such times, I often thought, “How nice it must be to be a channeler—you can see into your own heart so easily. No matter how much I try to look into my heart, my dullness keeps me from reaching the deeper layers. How can I become more sensitive? I want to be sensitive soon.”

And then, every so often, another thought would drift into my mind:

“Not becoming sensitive yet—that is my love for myself.”

Looking back now, I realize that even then, my physical self (the false self) and my conscious self (the true self) were moving back and forth within me. And it was true—had I been sensitive at that time, I would have lost my sanity long ago. As in the past, the overwhelming energy of putting myself first would have consumed me, and I would have ruined myself with it. That would have derailed my plan for this lifetime. What I needed first was to remember the warmth of the mother. It would take time to steadily nurture that foundation

within myself; the time simply wasn't right yet, and my true self was telling me so. Though my dullness in the physical self lasted a long time, it was, in fact, just right for me.

2. Experiencing the Release of Darkness at the Seminar — and the Joy It Brought

Time passed, and by around 1998 to 1999, even my once-insensitive physical self had gradually begun to grow more responsive. At the seminars, I could now fully feel my previously motionless body being stirred into action by the energy within me.

By then, the seminars had shifted from the old style—where channelers performed channeling—to a new approach based on the idea that everyone is a channeler. The focus became a different form of channeling, the so-called “release of darkness phenomenon.” In these sessions, Mr. Tomekichi Taike would conduct what was called pointing. This was a practice in which each participant experienced, through their own body, the negative energy they had cultivated within themselves. It became the central activity of the seminars.

I could never quite understand why my body reacted so intensely when Mr. Taike pointed at me. Without a word being spoken, without anything happening outwardly, my body

would leap, thrash, and roll about on its own. And from deep within my heart, the thoughts that emerged were nothing but curses: “Damn you!”

I was given many opportunities—connecting with my mother’s consciousness, connecting with the consciousness of others—and I experienced this countless times. The ferocity of the energy that resisted Mr. Taike was nothing short of top-class. It was extraordinary. I felt my guts boiling with rage. I hated the look in his eyes at the seminar venue. I felt as if he could see straight through me, and that only fueled my resistance, over and over again. “Damn you, disappear from my sight!” “You’re an eyesore!” “I’ll kill you!”—I hurled these words at him endlessly.

Yet in time, I came to feel strongly in my heart that, contrary to the venom in those words, what was actually rising up within me was a cry of joy. I was blessed with the good fortune of being able to continue genuine reflection and meditation, right there in the seminar hall. The experiences I had in my heart brought a joy beyond words. It was as if my thoughts were racing through my entire body, surging up from the depths of my being, and my physical body was blown away altogether. I was having experiences far beyond anything the physical mind could ever grasp. It truly was learning that could only be understood with the heart—learning that the heart alone could know.

3. The Collapse of My Religious Views and Repentance Toward the Truth

Through repeated experiences of feeling, in my own body, the tremendous energy that resisted Mr. Tomekichi Taike, I began to realize something: the smallness of the religious founder whose presence I had once clung to in my heart before coming to the study. That figure, whom I had held in the dimension of the physical mind, had now shrunk to the size of a mustard seed within me. This became clear as I caught a glimpse of the vastness of Mr. Taike's world of consciousness—and of my own world of consciousness.

The “power” that had once captivated me in that founder was utterly mistaken. It was of an entirely different dimension from the power that comes from the world of truth. My heart—not my physical mind—grasped this, and because it was my heart that understood, I truly felt repentance welling up from the depths of my being. I realized that I had existed all along in a completely different, completely mistaken world. All I could do was repent, for what I had been holding onto in my heart was nothing more than my own small, insignificant self. I came to know in my heart just how small—how truly small—I had perceived myself to be.

Just as the insensitive physical self gradually becomes

sensitive, the seminars repeated various trials until my dull self could reach that point. Through many different approaches and methods, it may have appeared that I was being nurtured by Mr. Taike. I have heard that some even believed he had personally discovered and carefully cultivated me, but that is entirely mistaken—a view born of seeing through a distorted lens. True, Mr. Taike believed that among those who gathered at the seminars, there would always be at least one person who would awaken, but that did not mean I was specially chosen. I was born into this lifetime with my own thoughts, my own resolve. And after many turns in my own journey, I finally came to recognize that resolve within myself. That is why I responded to Mr. Taike so openly.

I knew in my heart that this was the very path I had been seeking all along, so I kept my focus entirely on myself. I did not want to waste the chance that had come my way. The opportunity was there equally and fairly for everyone, and Mr. Taike was not looking at each person as a physical being—he was sensing everything from the world of consciousness. He stood in a completely different place. And had others in that position honestly looked into their own hearts to confirm where they themselves stood, I believe things might have turned out differently. Sadly, their hearts turned outward instead of inward.

4. Encountering the Website and a New Stage of Learning

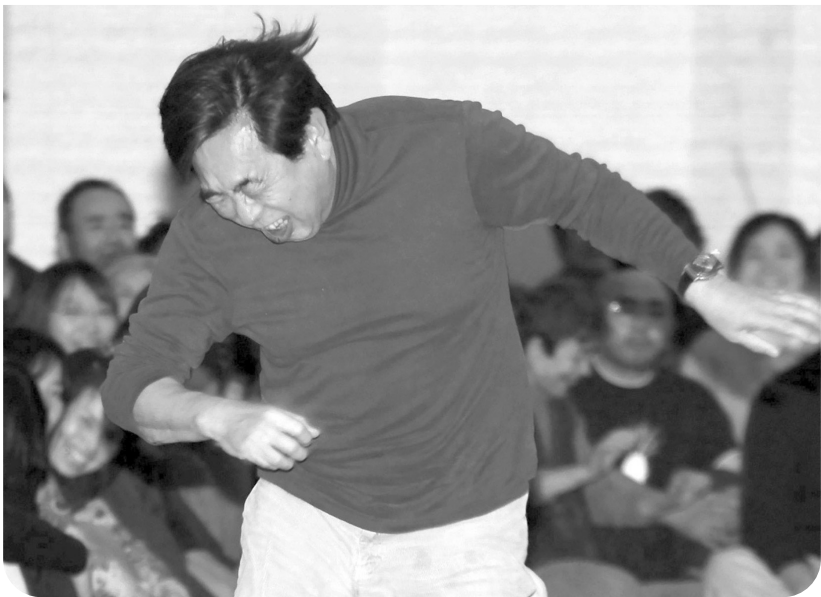
Around that time, in about the year 2000, Mr. Tomekichi Taike launched his first website, titled *It's Time for Reflection and Meditation*. From then on, I walked my path through a twofold approach: the seminars and the website—exactly the way I had truly wished to proceed. In other words, I was making real the scenario of meeting “Albert.” I believe my first slight touch of Albert’s vibration was in January 2000. From that point on, through “Mr. F’s Reflection” and many other postings on the website, I learned an extraordinary amount.



Tomekichi Taike at a seminar (circa 2007)



The darkness that lies deep within the human heart is revealed



Chapter 5

Father's Illness and the Path to Truth

Chapter 5 - Summary

In this chapter, I revisit my father's illness, which once seemed only a burden of fear and resentment. Over time, I came to see it as the very ground that prepared me to search for truth.

Through reflection, I realized that illness, hardship, and family conflict are not accidents but mirrors of the heart—calling us back to our true selves. What I once rejected became the beginning of gratitude.

You may find echoes of your own struggles here—reminders that even in darkness, the way to truth is quietly present.

1. My Father's Depression

In the midst of these unfolding circumstances, yet another turning point awaited me—one that was essential for my awakening of consciousness.

For many years, my family and I had suffered through my father's battle with depression. Over time, however, his condition began to ease. A few years before his official retirement age, he left his job, and from that point on, the frequency and severity of his episodes gradually diminished. On the surface, it might have seemed that the cause lay in external factors—workplace stress and the burdens of human relationships. Yet those were only superficial triggers. The true root of his suffering lay in not knowing the real world of consciousness.

In the midst of such days, a new development came in June 2000. Once again, it was my father—and his illness. Several years earlier, he had been diagnosed with colon cancer and undergone surgery to remove part of his intestine. Now, in June 2000, the cancer had returned. From that time until his passing in January 2001, I entered a period that became my second great turning point—beginning from late 1999, when my heart had grown increasingly sensitive, and leading up to my father's final days.

If my husband's illness and death seven years earlier had been the event that turned the needle of my life in a new direction, then my father's death was the event that firmly

fixed that needle in place.

When my father came home from the hospital after about two weeks of treatment for the recurrence in June 2000, I handed him a letter. I believe that the study I was to undertake with my father truly began from that letter. Here, I would like to share the contents of that letter, along with several reflections I wrote during the six months leading up to his passing—reflections born from the time I spent studying together with him—and also some of my father’s own writings left behind.

Please note that in the reflections that follow, the name Tomekichi Taike appears frequently. Expressions such as “turn your heart toward Tomekichi Taike,” “align with Tomekichi Taike,” “Tomekichi Taike is my true heart,” “I am Tomekichi Taike,” and “convey Tomekichi Taike” may sound unusual. In this context, however, Tomekichi Taike refers to the world of vibration he conveyed—the true world that was transmitted through the physical presence of Tomekichi Taike. To “turn your heart to that world,” to “encounter that world,” or to “trust in that world”—please understand the expressions in this sense.

(July 2, 2000)

To Father

I’m glad you were able to come home from the hospital.

Let me speak to you honestly about what I feel right now. I

know you have your own thoughts, but please read this.

I think you've at least glanced through the pamphlets, but what Mr. Taïke conveys is this: Our true form is not this physical body, but consciousness. We are life that lives on eternally. I see your illness now as one of the "learning materials" given to me—not just to know this truth intellectually, but to learn it with my heart through actual practice.

Until now, I have recognized you, Mother, and Shin-chan (our beloved dog) as physical beings, believing that the visible world, beginning with the body, was the real world, and that happiness should be sought there. But I have come to realize that this way of thinking was completely mistaken, and that I am being urged to turn my heart around.

I want to face "death" without fear or aversion—to receive it calmly, even with joy. I want to be able to meet my own death with a heart that can say, "Mother, thank you for giving birth to me. I'm glad I was able to come into this life."

In this lifetime, through my karmic bond with you and Mother, I have been given this physical body and, at last, the opportunity to awaken to the truth. Thank you. Let us continue learning together. The path back to God is a path of joy. From here, I will walk only the path of a child of God, straight ahead, following the guideposts. Father, Mother—thank you. I am truly happy.

(July 6, 2000)

My Thoughts

I find myself wondering—what is “the physical body”? It’s because I have a body that I can recognize all these thoughts that arise. For so long, I believed that the physical body was who I was—that without it, I wouldn’t exist, and that death meant the end. I thought that as long as there was form, there was existence; without form, there was nothing. I see now that I have been living entirely in the world of “the physical body.”

What comes to me now are only the thoughts of my past—how I lived without the slightest doubt, based entirely on the body as the standard. My task in this lifetime is to speak to each and every one of those thoughts. I need to tell myself: It was because I clung so tightly to the body that I suffered; it was wrong to believe that death was terrifying and meant my existence would vanish.

That, I believe, is kindness. To love myself is to believe, with my heart, in the existence of my true self. Everything I’ve done so far, thinking it was for the good of my “life as the physical body,” was in fact the coldest thing I could have done to myself.

I will turn my heart toward the self that continues to live within me, the self that has been suffering all along, and say, Let’s walk together.

(July 7, 2000)

Turning My Thoughts to Father

I thought I had lived a proper life as a human being, as a person. But I never realized that I had been using a heart full of pride and self-importance. Only now, here at this point in my life, do I see that all those thoughts I have used are an intense energy—completely distorted.

Still, the heart I have cultivated and the longing for God that I have carried are not things I can easily let go of. I have sought God. Through countless reincarnations, I have been one who searched for God. In this lifetime too, through many books, I tried in my own way to awaken to the truth, imagining a world apart from this transient one. And yet, in that world I imagined, I looked down on many people, seeing myself as exceptional, and sought to discover God within myself while holding on to that same heart.

I have looked down on my mother. I never allowed myself to lean on her. I couldn't even express my loneliness to her, instead retreating into my own shell. I grew up carrying a heart that couldn't run into my mother's arms. Without breaking out of the shell of "self," I let the years pass.

I believe God and Buddha reside in my heart. But I don't truly understand what that God or Buddha is. I want to be shown the God and Buddha I have been seeking and chasing all this time. Still, just being able to put this feeling into words now brings me some relief.

My Thoughts

I still perceive my father as the physical body. And yet, somehow, when he speaks, I feel my own thoughts overlapping with his. We are using the same heart, and so, in that sense, there is no distinction between “father” and “me.”

Through my father, I believe I am being shown the thoughts I have cultivated in my own heart. I now see that the God I sought was mistaken. I believe my father and I are meant to learn together—in the world of consciousness.

If you'd like, I can also prepare August's diary entries in the same style so that the tone remains completely consistent throughout this chapter. This will make the English edition flow as if it were originally written in English.

(August 3, 2000)

My Thoughts

When I came home from work today, I saw my father and our dog sitting side by side outside. That scene came to mind just now as I was meditating. A very gentle feeling reached me, as if saying, “Be a kind person. I'm waiting for you.”

In form, it was simply my father and the dog enjoying the cool evening air. But I realized that, in the world of consciousness, such moments are always sending out gentle vibrations. I am receiving

so much love. And yet, I have so often failed to notice it, my heart always wanting more and more.

When I was little, if I had snacks in both hands and someone asked me to give one away, I simply couldn't be satisfied unless I kept both. Even if I had plenty, I still wanted more—always more for me. I have lived with a heart full of nothing but desire, clutching so much in both hands that pieces would slip out through the gaps, and yet still longing to receive more.

(October 28, 2000)

My Thoughts

I now find myself in a situation where I cannot help but think of death as something close and real. Turning my thoughts toward death inevitably brings me face-to-face with my greatest mistake—the belief that I am my physical body. I hit that wall, confronting the deepest obstacle in my heart.

It is a moment that forces the question: consciousness or the physical body? And now I am on the verge of an event that compels me to turn my heart toward consciousness. It was the death of another that first led me to this study. For someone like me, whose attachment to the physical is strong, this is the hurdle I have set for myself. In the past, I have always failed to overcome it. It appears to me as a high, towering obstacle within my heart.

Yet in this lifetime, I am learning that it can be cleared—that death is neither fear nor sorrow. Truly understanding this with my heart is what will save it. All I can do is believe in my own heart. All I can do is take the warmth I have felt and let it spread within me. The peace, the warmth, and the gentleness I feel when I turn my heart to Tomekichi Taike—this is my true self. All I must do is nurture my trust in that truth.

Through this event, I want to learn how to turn a heart bound to the physical body toward the world of consciousness. With a bright spirit that says, “Thank you for this life, and let’s meet again in the next one,” I want to continue learning together.

Message from My True Self

Let us learn together to release our hearts from the physical body. As long as we cling to the body, our hearts will know only suffering. Are you afraid of dying? We have experienced death countless times. In our hearts, there remains much fear of death. In past lives, all of us feared losing the body above all else, because we knew—deep within—that the world awaiting us after death could be harsh.

While living in the reality of having a body, it is difficult to truly take death as our own matter. We tend to look away, to postpone facing it, telling ourselves we don’t want to see it, don’t want to think about it. But now, I urge you: bring your own death to mind once more, and hold it in your heart.

You are consciousness. Your true form is consciousness. This is an undeniable fact—a truth. It is the only truth. The thought that you are the physical body is something you have carried in your heart for countless lifetimes, through death and rebirth again and again. That belief has become ingrained deep within you.

Yet you also know, in your heart, how to turn toward Tomekichi Taike, and that he represents your true heart. Your true self is always speaking to the part of you that believes it is the body. The only way to feel this is to close your eyes and align your heart with Tomekichi Taike.

Believe in your true self. I truly want you to understand, in your heart, that this body is not who you are. That is why you, your mother, and your father all took on the physical body and were born into this life—to learn, in your heart, to release it from the physical body.

Death is neither fear nor sorrow. Death is joy. Death is simply casting off the body of this life and preparing to connect with the next. When you die, you will still exist. Your mother and father will still exist. Speak to them heart to heart. Speak to them consciousness to consciousness.

Reach out to your father. In your own words, in your own heart, tell him about the world of the heart you have felt. But remember—he is you, and you are him. Consciousness is one. Simply share what you have understood in your own heart: that

we were all together, that we were all blessed beings sustained in the embrace of love. Tell this to your father from your heart. Your father is surely waiting for the gentle, gentle you. Speak to him with kindness, and tell him:

“Father, we are consciousness. We are children of God, returning to God.”

(November 1, 2000)

My Thoughts

I turned my thoughts toward the physical cells of a body I could only think must be in a near-death state.

What came back to me was nothing but joy—pure joy. Thank you, thank you, they said, rejoicing. They conveyed to me that being able to transmit love, to pass on the truth in this way, was happiness itself.

A beating heart, moving hands and feet—all of it had always been taken for granted. But I realized that each and every cell of the body had been patiently waiting for me to awaken. They had continued receiving the energy that flowed from my heart.

Without this study, I would never have touched such gentleness.

(November 2, 2000)

My Thoughts

Physical body—or consciousness? Which will I truly believe in? That question is now placed right before me. I feel as if my suffering consciousness and another are serving as learning material for each other, studying together.

When I turned my thoughts toward the cells of the body, all I felt was their gentleness—how they waited, no matter how much they were damaged or destroyed by the energy I emitted.

When my heart was preoccupied only with preserving my physical body, I could never have felt such gentleness. I see again how foolish I have been—forgetting entirely why I was born into a physical body, taking pride in it, and doing nothing but protect it.

I came into this life carrying the thoughts of many past selves—filled with curses, resentment, loneliness, and sorrow—hoping that someone would receive them.

(November 3, 2000)

Turning My Thoughts to Father

Mother, thank you. Mother, thank you. Thank you, thank you—I am happy. I am happy that you gave birth to me.

This is my repentance. Even though I was given this body, I misunderstood its meaning. But here, I have been told that I am consciousness. To know in my heart that my life had truly been mistaken—and to feel joy in that realization—fills me with gratitude.

Now, I wish to end this life quietly. I want to carry the warmth that has been conveyed to my heart into my next life, without forgetting it.

Though in this lifetime I never met the physical Tomekichi Taike, I believe that in my next life I will surely meet you. I want to leave this body with words of thanks to everyone: Thank you, thank you.

(November 5, 2000)

Message from My True Self

If you can release this body with a heart full of gratitude, isn't that the greatest joy?

Until the very end, the body's cells are sending you love. Everything is sustained within love. I am happy to be able to tell you this now.

By taking on a body, we have finally been able to meet like this. I will do my work and bring this physical life to a close—and so will you. Keep letting love flow from your heart.

I believe in Tomekichi Taike. Please, in your heart, truly know the vibration that flows from me. Become someone overflowing with love. Love heals everything. The vibration of joy heals everything. I am joy. I, who believe in Tomekichi Taike from the depths of my heart, am joy.

(November 25, 2000)

My Thoughts

I was the one who understood the least. Even after being allowed to attend seminar after seminar, even after being given the chance to know my own energy in the time of phenomena, I still understood the least. My heart clung to my father's body. I saw him as the physical body and disregarded consciousness entirely.

I neatly separated “study” from “this is this” within myself. In truth, my feelings were simply, “Father, don’t die.” I clung to his body, asking why only he had to die so early.

And yet, my father was telling me:

“Thank you, thank you. I am happy—happy to have met you in this lifetime. Please, do not grieve. This body is ill and has only a short time left, but we will always be together. Always, always together. I was Tomekichi Taike. I was Tomekichi Taike. Thank you.”

Though in my heart I had killed him many times, my father gave me love. He taught me. It was love that showed me the darkness in my heart.

Even now, his body is telling me, right to the very end:

“We are consciousness. We are consciousness. Let us continue learning together. Let me learn from you, and you from me. In this lifetime we were given the bond of parent and child. From you, I learned of Tomekichi Taike. And through this body, I want you to learn—that we are beings who live forever. Learn it well in your heart.”

(November 28, 2000)

Father's Consciousness Speaks

Thank you, thank you, thank you—these are the words I want to tell you. I am happy to have met Tomekichi Taike in this lifetime. In the next life, I will meet you again. Ah, Albert, Albert—I will be waiting for you in America. I will not forget this heart, and I will meet you in the next life without fail. Thank you, thank you. I am happy—so happy.

My Thoughts

Ah, I want to believe, I want to believe—but feelings of resentment toward you arise. I did not believe in consciousness. I am sorry.

The attachment of my physical-body-bound heart to my father's body is unbearably painful. Don't leave me, don't leave me. I don't want to be alone. Being alone is unbearable—so frightening.

Fear and sorrow from being torn apart in the physical body arise. My heart holds sadness and fear too great to contain. It is I who have feared death. It is I who have hated parting in the physical body.

This deep sorrow, this loneliness—I grip it tightly. That is why I did not want to be born. I feared facing once again the time when I would have to part in the physical body. I did not want to remember this heart.

Yet Tomekichi Taike tells me: Accept it with joy. To believe that you are consciousness means exactly that.

Message from Tomekichi Taike

That you were born, that your mother brought you into this world—this is a great joy. In the heart that has lived as the physical body, there remains the fear of death and the belief that death is sorrow. I tell you that death, too, is joy.

When the time comes for you to face death, you will see clearly what your heart is holding. While you have a body, learn well. Know, in your heart, the vibration that flows from me. Practice aligning your heart with mine.

(November 29, 2000)

With My Father, I Align My Heart with Tomekichi Taike —
Thoughts from My Father

I want you to know true love. Through my body now, and through the way I face death, I want you to learn in your heart. Let us learn together. Please tell me what you have come to understand in your heart.

In this life, I walked the wrong path. Even though I was given the chance to meet Tomekichi Taike, I could not abandon the path I believed in, clinging to pride—and I regret that deeply. Yet I want to believe in the thoughts and vibrations that flow from your heart. Please tell me. Tell this foolish father.

My Thoughts

I understood nothing. I conveyed nothing to my own heart. My father, I believe, is teaching me this.

All I had to do was align my heart with Tomekichi Taike. I think I had forgotten the very starting point of this study.

I will believe in myself. Deepening the trust that I am Tomekichi Taike—that was everything.

In my heart I know: in my next life, I will meet you. And what I have learned in this life, I will surely carry forward. I promised to loosen this belief in the physical body and know that I am consciousness.

In my next life, I will meet Albert in America. I will meet

you—without fail.

I am your future consciousness. We have always been together. Together, always together. My heart expands toward the future, and farther into the future still. My consciousness spreads endlessly, endlessly through this universe.

I want to share with you the joy overflowing from my heart.

Message from Tomekichi Taike

In this lifetime, I took on a body. For the awakening of all consciousness, I appeared before you in the physical body. I told you to turn your hearts toward me, to know the vibration that flows from me. Those who have begun to send forth the vibration of joy are slowly, steadily increasing.

From here, everything begins. The universe will change. Consciousness awakened to the vibration of Tomekichi Taike will change the universe. Words are no longer necessary. A world where hearts connect directly will spread.

(December 1, 2000)

My Thoughts

I was born into this lifetime to meet Tomekichi Taike. Father, Mother—thank you. As I had wished, I have met Tomekichi Taike and am receiving abundant love so that I may awaken to the truth. We are consciousness returning together.

I am so very, very happy.

At last, I can believe in my heart that I have been so deeply loved, so completely forgiven. Thank you, Tomekichi Taike. I believe in you, and I will accept all my past lives. The future was already within me now, and the past has always been with me. I am truly happy. Meeting you, Tomekichi Taike, fills me with joy beyond measure. I need nothing else. I will simply walk the path I chose for myself, together with the Tomekichi Taike in my heart, and with Albert. I will keep believing in you, over and over again.

From the distant past, I had abandoned my own heart. I had cast away both Tomekichi Taike and my mother. I was the one who discarded warmth. I am sorry—so sorry. And yet, you have always been with me. How many times, and with what feelings, have I cast you aside, even killed you in my heart? Still, you never changed; you told me to remember love, to remember the heart of love. You held me in your arms without change, telling me, “We are always together. You and I are one.”

I will open my heart. I will believe in the heart you have shown me. To be able to believe that we have always been together—this makes me happy now.

(December 2, 2000)

My Father's Consciousness Speaks

Perhaps I am now spending the happiest and most peaceful time of my life. Outwardly, the reality is severe. But for me, this is my happiest time. My heart is at peace. My physical cells are supporting me to the very end, continually sending me the energy of love. Everyone around me has been like that—they have all been love. I am only now beginning to realize this.

I am happy now. Through long cycles of reincarnation, I have sought God again and again. I wanted to explore to the utmost the world of God and Buddha. But no matter how much I sought, I could never attain enlightenment. What remained in my heart was self-condemnation. I was a consciousness that stayed in the lonely world, keeping my heart closed.

I looked down on everything. I was always above others. Mother, please forgive me. I have looked down on you time and again. Without ever noticing your warmth, I shut myself away in my own world. Yet you always spoke to me, always wrapped me in the gentle warmth of your heart.

I sought that warmth in my wife. I wanted to lean on your kindness. But you, too, cried out in loneliness. In this lifetime, we were given the bond of husband and wife so that we could see and correct our hearts. I am deeply grateful to you. I think that, for you, I was a most troublesome existence, not a good husband, not able to do anything truly husbandly. Yet meeting

you and being your husband has made me very happy. Our children have grown well. And now, at this age, I am glad I have finally realized my mistakes.

From my own body, I have learned the energy I have been releasing. All I wish now is to treasure each day and spend what time remains with you all. Your study, and the presence of Tomekichi Taike, I feel, are what I have been seeking all along. I now believe this is the truth. With the time I have left, I want to continue learning together. And I look forward to meeting you again in my next life.

(December 4, 2000)

From My Father's Writings

The following was written by my father at the dining table, saying he wanted to put down his present state of mind while his head was still clear, as he would soon begin taking stronger pain medication. One month later, he entered the hospital.

With only a few days left before my hospitalization and my “departure” into the next life, I will write this brief testament, separate from my previous will.

Looking back over the past forty years, I reflect on what a completely inadequate husband and father I have been, and with that as a springboard, I now find happiness in being able to spend what remains of my life interacting with my family

with a pure human heart.

To be able to recognize that human beings live under the watchful care of a comprehensive “love,” and to be able to face death quietly with such a state of mind, makes me feel deeply what a fortunate person I am. My one wish is to maintain this feeling until the very end.

I will live each day with the desire to lessen, if only in part, the depth and weight of the “karma” I carry.

I hope to enjoy the joy of meeting my family again in my next life (including, of course, Shin).

After I am gone, please take utmost care and continue your path in the “world of study.”

With deep meaning in the word joy, I close this note with:
“Thank you, farewell.”

December 4, 2000, 11:50 a.m.

That my father wrote such a piece shows that, through his illness, he was indeed facing himself until the end of his physical life. Though he never once attended the seminars my mother and I went to, I believe he felt in his heart that this study was telling us the truth.

While he still had some strength left, my father had already completed most of his personal affairs. He himself told his son and his brothers that no funeral or memorial services were necessary. I believe this was a sign of something he had realized in

the six months since leaving the hospital—he had come to know in his heart that such rites were unnecessary. In accordance with his wishes, we three—my mother, my brother, and I—along with a few family members, held neither wake nor funeral.

(December 18, 2000)

My Thoughts

From yesterday into today, whenever I close my eyes, tears come—though not from a leaping joy, but from a quiet, deep happiness. All that comes is gratitude. And in that, my thoughts go to my father. Father, thank you. You allowed me to bring out so much darkness from within. You conveyed so much to me. Through his physical body, my father gave me countless opportunities to awaken.

Even though I had cursed his illness and cursed him, now there is nothing but gratitude. I have hated him, resented him—but still, I love him. Many physical-body-bound thoughts still arise, wanting both my father and my mother to live long lives.

My thoughts go to my father's cells. They have done nothing but convey love to us, nothing but give us time, enduring strong medication. Truly—thank you.

Learn. Please, learn together with me. In this lifetime, we were given the bond of parent and child. Everything was

planned by us as consciousness—a path toward awakening to our true selves. Please go forward joyfully. I exist now for the sake of learning together.

In the past, I released unspeakable feelings, committed acts of extreme cruelty over and over, and lived with a heart that would neither forgive nor be forgiven. Yet through it all, something remained unchanged—an energy that supported my very existence. I had forgotten that I was living within it, and in forgetting, everything went wrong.

In this lifetime, I have met Tomekichi Taïke. I am joyful. To my father and my mother, I have nothing but thank you. You kept your promise to me. You believed in me. That has made me happy.

I took on a physical body so that I could meet Tomekichi Taïke. In my heart, I knew I would meet him in this country, Japan. It was a scenario I had given myself. I have written many more scenarios into my heart so that I might awaken to the truth. That is why there was never anything to resent—everything has gone exactly as scripted, for the sake of awakening to the truth.

It has been a long, long journey—a lonely, painful journey. But from now on, it will be different. We will always be together, I was told. And now, at last, I can believe it. I am happy. To feel that we can walk together—that makes me truly happy.

(January 14, 2001 — One Day Before My Father's Death)

My Thoughts

Right now, I am here with my father. The physical body's flesh has fallen from his cheeks, the muscles from his arms, his spine stands out sharply, and only his eyes seem large now. The only thing he can take by mouth is thin rice gruel; even medicine can no longer be swallowed and must be given by suppository.

And yet his mind is still clear, and we can still have actual conversations—so there is still some room in my heart. I do not know what feelings will arise when I am faced with the final moment itself, but when I turn my thoughts to my father, to the cells of his body, the feeling that comes is: You have done so well to come this far.

It makes me happy to know that through this illness, even if only a little, my father has turned toward Tomekichi Taike. I still have many attachments within me. I do want him to live longer, but I also know that if he or my mother were to linger long in illness and dependency, I might have the opposite feeling.

If I can firmly know the truth—the real self—within me, then no matter what situation I face, I believe I will not lose myself. A person's death, and the moment of facing one's own death—these are the times we can learn the most. The heart that cries, "I don't want to die"—and the heart that can release the body with gratitude—what heart we hold in that moment depends entirely on whether, while we still have a body, we

truly feel and believe in Albert's vibration.

(January 15, 2001 — Early Morning)

My father passed away.

(February 8, 2001)

Each Time I See the Writings My Father Left, I Remember Him
Father, Father—being your daughter is something I am truly proud of. You drew out so much of the darkness in my heart. Your body poured love into me, saying, “Awaken.”

You were irreplaceable to me. I want to cherish and nurture the heart I received from you. I directed toward you thoughts of hatred and curses, killing you over and over in my heart. Yet you embraced it all, accepted it all.

Determined to let us feel as little as possible of the pain and fear of your own death, you faced it head-on and reached a state where you could accept it with joy. I bow my head to your attitude and your heart. Thanks to you, I think I was finally able to take this study seriously and make a great turning of my heart.

You often said, “A person's life is defined at the time of their death.” We will all face the time when we must cast off the body. Each of us will return to our own world of consciousness.

Now, I want to tell you: “We are consciousness. Joy is our true form.”

I believe I was given the bond of parent and child in this lifetime to convey to you true love. And you helped me so much in that. We are happy consciousnesses, given bodies in this world so we might awaken together to the truth. I am only now beginning to truly know this in my heart.

Father, I was so happy to have this parent–child bond with you in this life. I will not forget your heart. Even after the body is gone, I am happy that I can still speak with you like this.

We were consciousness. We are life eternal, beings of joy—and that is what I want to tell you. Let us continue learning together. Thank you for pouring so much love into me.

When the time comes for me to cast off this body, I, too, want to hold in my heart the thought: “Thank you, body. Thank you, everyone.”—and end this life quietly.

I do not yet know what kind of death I will face. But as I go forward in this study, I want to keep my eyes on my own death, and walk a life of joy.

Father, thank you for this lifetime.

2. The Meaning of the Vessel Called the Body

In this way, I was allowed to learn together with my father's consciousness. I believe that only when a person comes face to face with death do they truly look back at themselves. My father's passing, I understand, was something that served to make the path toward truth—already beginning to sprout within me—more certain.

The months I spent learning together with my father's consciousness held profound meaning for me. They gave me the chance to truly feel, in my heart, what it means for us humans to possess the vessel called the body, and what the state of its contents will be once the vessel is discarded. They taught me the importance of coming to know these things in my heart while I still inhabit this vessel.

Furthermore, in the time between my father's release of the body and his being placed in the coffin and cremated, the words his consciousness spoke through me struck me deeply. It was, without question, an event that became the beginning of my turning toward consciousness. "A human being is consciousness"—that is what I felt clearly when I turned my thoughts to my father only hours after his death. At the same time, I could not help but see that my own attitude toward this study had been lacking.

When one regards the body as the true self, death is an unbearably heavy event. There is a heart that shuns death, always wanting to postpone it. But the moment of death will surely come for everyone. Only by facing squarely the thoughts that arise in our hearts in that moment can we truly savor, from the depths of our being, the meaning, importance, joy, and happiness of having been born into the body.

“A human being is not the body. We have simply taken on this vessel, and the breaking of the vessel does not mean our extinction.” This was something I wanted to come to know in the reality of daily life. I believe this is why, during a period of ongoing seminars, it was set that I would face the death of someone close to me and learn through that event. As planned, I was able to fully experience the joy of learning through such a phenomenon. My father’s illness and the time leading to his death were exactly that for me.

Seven years earlier, when my husband died, I had no space in my heart to consider what I might feel and learn from a body afflicted, its cells failing, wasting away. But in this case, I believe I was desperately trying to face death head-on. If we spend that precious time with our hearts devoted only to begging for life, all we will taste is suffering. In the face of death, the way to feel gratitude for having been born is to devote oneself entirely to turning the heart toward consciousness.

At that time, I had finally reached a point where I could

fully feel, through my own body, the energy I had been storing within me. The more I released the energies of “Damn you” and “I’ll kill you,” the more I could sense that, deep beneath that ferocity, there remained the warm, genuine gentleness—the warmth—that was my true self. My heart was surely coming to grasp what real gentleness and real warmth are. I think my father, sensing his own death drawing near, was acutely aware of these changes in me.

“One so proud as my daughter has changed,” my father wrote simply in a brief letter to Tomekichi Taike on a summer’s day, expressing the joy in his own heart. He sent those few lines to someone he had never met. He did tell us that he had written to Mr. Taike, but my mother and I only learned what he had written when Mr. Taike told us himself.

My father’s wish to meet the man who had changed his daughter, if only to say a word of thanks, was conveyed to Mr. Taike. But in the end, it never came to pass due to my father’s physical condition. “Though I was the one who requested it, I could not keep my promise for my own reasons. I am sorry,” my father said in a short exchange with Mr. Taike over the phone.

I believe this chain of events happened because my father’s consciousness had begun, however slightly, to move toward the truth. And because these things happened, his consciousness moved further still, leading to the letter dated December 4, 2000. That final writing is proof that, in his own way, my father was learning up until his death. That was his scenario for this

lifetime—a scenario necessary for taking steps toward the truth.

In our daily lives, we may idle away our time, or pursue only the pleasures and joys of the physical world—and no one will reproach us for it. Yet, I believe, there is a restlessness deep in every heart. That restlessness will take form in daily life—in incidents, accidents, illness, and many other ways. Because we do not know what it truly is, we carry it to the end of life, closing it away, and thus close our lives in self-deception.

In this lifetime, I was able to unravel that restlessness within myself, because my longing to meet my true self was so strong. That restlessness led to my father's depression, my failed university entrance exam, my marriage, my husband's early death, my encounter with Tomekichi Taike, my participation in the seminars, and finally my father's death. Every one of these was a piece and a measure of time placed exactly where it belonged—my own pieces, my own allotted time.

This is not something that applies only to me. Each person has their own pieces and their own allotted time, and all of them are placed without error. Still, there are cases where we pass them by without recognizing their value. Each piece is telling us something, but sadly, the consciousness that believes the body to be the self is too proud to receive it straightforwardly as a message to oneself. Unless a warning bell is sounded loudly enough, it becomes difficult to turn our attention to the truth. The belief in the body wastes both our pieces and our allotted time.

How we use the pieces and the time we have prepared for ourselves to grow—that, I believe, is each person's life. Growth does not mean becoming an admirable figure or amassing wealth; it means being reborn as someone who knows the true reason for having been born.

If you were to ask people in general, “Tell me about yourself,” most would probably recount the path from their upbringing to the present, and then perhaps share what they are currently thinking or what dreams they are pursuing. But in the end, no matter how much of that you list, it does not amount to truly telling who you are. One's upbringing, circumstances, family, work, and dreams are merely adornments. No matter how much you talk about the adornments, you do not touch the core of the person. They are all shadows, and no matter how much you describe a shadow, it is still a shadow—something that will vanish.

Looking back, my father was born with a sensitive heart. He did not know how to manage that sensitivity within himself, and because of that, he was labeled with what society calls mental illness, while he himself was merely tossed about by his own sensitive heart.

As for me—immersed in the physical world—I feared and despised my father's state, as though he were possessed by something, and I hated and killed him in my heart countless times. Through my father, I was being taught about the muddy depths of my own consciousness, yet I spent my days

in sadness, resentment, and despair. I made no move to free myself from that state, living instead immersed in it. All of it was the foolishness of someone who could see no reality beyond the world that treats the body as the self.

Somewhere in this world, there must be the truth. The scenario I set for myself was designed to make the foolish me—who believed the body was the self—turn my thoughts toward the voice of my heart, which was seeking the truth. That scenario included my father's illness and death, and my meeting and parting with my husband. I had prepared for myself the chance to ask, in the most thorough way possible: Why was I born into this world? How should I live so that I can be truly satisfied in my heart?

3. A Life According to Scenario

Looking back, I see that, as the physical self, I lived many days filled with sorrow, hardship, worry, and lament. Yet now, I can feel that I have not been weighed down or sunk by those feelings. The memories are there and cannot be erased, but I believe my path was the right one. No—more than that—it has been exactly according to the scenario. I rejoice simply in having been able to walk in loyalty and sincerity to my true self.

There are countless thoughts I have cultivated by regarding

the body as myself, yet now, because of them, I feel no need to condemn myself or think that I am no good. It was only that I did not know the truth. Because of that ignorance, I crawled through the depths of hell. And I came into this life having resolved to turn my consciousness around within the time and space of this lifetime. My mother gave birth to me. I have been only faithful and sincere to myself.

I have walked the path set out for me, and I will continue walking it calmly from here on. To all the consciousnesses I have encountered along the way—my father, my mother, my husband—I can only say “thank you.” I was made to meet the pitch-black self within me. How often did I shout, “Die! Die! Disappear from my sight!” Toward the physical form before me, all the thoughts from my past rose up in unison, crying out from the reality of my world of consciousness. It is something beyond words to describe, and I can truly say that I have climbed up from the very depths of hell. Now, in my heart, there echoes a cry of joy: I was born into this darkness; I was given life.

I have never thought of myself as a chosen consciousness, nor as one with a special mission. I have simply climbed up from the depths of hell. I had utterly denied warmth, because I believed that warmth would ultimately betray me. I carried in my heart a deep resentment, convinced that warmth had cast me into hell. But all of that warmth was only the warmth grounded in the physical world. When the heart becomes truly sensitive, such

things can be felt and seen in the heart. And so it was with the physical form of Tomekichi Taike—it existed to convey the truth. Thus, no other physical form caught my attention. My sole focus was the physical form of Tomekichi Taike.

Of course, when the heart truly becomes sensitive, it is as if one is not even looking at that physical form, though it is before one's eyes. By seeing the body of Tomekichi Taike—his appearance—by hearing the sounds he uttered, and ultimately by meeting his gaze, I could feel, through my own body, the energies welling up and surging forth from my own world of consciousness. That, I believe, is what it means for the heart to be truly sensitive.

Such a sensitive heart will surely come to grasp the message: You are warmth. You are joy. Yet I could not accept that immediately. Having utterly denied and rejected warmth, I continued to challenge Tomekichi Taike to the very end. Each time I saw him, energies would erupt from within me like magma: “I’ll gouge out your eyes! I’ll strangle you!” In fact, there was even a time when I placed my hands on his neck and tried to strangle him with both hands. I experienced myself countless times as a mass of energy so intense it made my insides boil.

It may sound strange, but it was not strange at all. It was because I myself am energy, and so is Tomekichi Taike. Energy reacts to energy—repelling, and eventually, merging. I have walked that process within my own heart. And this, precisely, was the channeling I had long awaited.

Predictions, prophecies, reading others' consciousness—these no longer satisfied me. What I came to feel in my heart when I broke through the shell of the physical self—if that is called channeling, then this is the true channeling. And it goes without saying that this was the world I had truly longed to meet. Now, I am certain that this world is Albert.

The energies I had cultivated within myself had denied all warmth—but that was a great mistake. The reality of meeting the self that can say, I am warmth. I am the energy of joy—this is something immovable within me.

And now, I have arrived at this point.

If I were asked now to speak of myself, I could say plainly: I am a consciousness born from the depths of hell, and I am a consciousness walking in joy together with Albert. But that is only if I am asked. In daily life, I live quietly and ordinarily. And in those calm, uneventful hours, I feel an indescribable joy. Perhaps it is because I am certain that my true essence is consciousness—something that exists eternally within the endless flow of time—and that to reach this state is what it means to live a true life.

And now, what about you? What kind of life have you walked until now? And how will you live from here on?

あゝ何日間で、入院生活、そして来世への「振
 立地」を授けたこの時期、先づ口遺言状とは
 別様の遺文を一文起草します。
 過去四十年間高橋として全く不良な夫で
 あり、父親であつたことを反省して、それを
 へんねとして、残りの今世の生活を人間に
 して純粋な思いで、家族と接することの本来
 することは幸福です。
 人間は総合的な存在に見守られて生きた
 ていようとして、静かに死期を待ちながら、そ
 ういふ心算で、静かに死期を待ちながら、そ
 は自分という人間、なんという存在だろ
 うとつくづく感じ、この思いをしつかり最後
 のある時間まで持統したいというものが、た
 一つの願望です。

自分という人間が所有しては「業」の環で、
 木々も、花々も除去できるように精進し
 たという思いで生活してきます。
 来世に家族（もちろんシン）を含めて一
 再会する教を味わねばと思つています。
 私か、若くあつた人生は、くれぐれも細心
 な注意を払って、自分のお子ぐわい世界に選
 んで行つてくださ。
 喜びの意味を深く込めて、「ありがたう」
 さようならして一文を結ぶます。

平成十二年十二月四日午前十時五十分

The author's father's will

Chapter 6

My Encounter with Tomekichi Taike

Chapter 6 - Summary

In this chapter, I describe the greatest turning point of my life: meeting Tomekichi Taike. In his presence, I felt both the sting of being told, “You are mistaken,” and the warmth of true love. That encounter opened my heart to the vast world of consciousness, beyond the limits of the physical self.

Through him, I learned that we are not the body but eternal consciousness. This truth reshaped the way I saw myself and all of life.

This chapter invites you to remember that each of us has the same opportunity—to meet the truth and live in joy together with it.

1. A Lifelong Theme of “Love” and “Death”

From April 1993 to June 2005, for a little over twelve years, I studied alongside everyone through my participation in the seminars. From the very beginning of my learning, I felt certain that my personal themes were “love” and “death.”

That is not to say that my heart took no interest in channelers, channeling, or past lives. On the contrary, I too had the desire to become a channeler and to know about my past lives. Yet those desires proved to be only fleeting. Each time I joined a seminar, I felt that my thoughts lay at a much deeper level. This became clearer when, not long after I began, I realized that I was growing dissatisfied with what was called “channeling.”

As I have written before, until a major turning point occurred, I had long placed my trust in the power of the physical self. Even after joining the gatherings, I could not easily break through the hard shell of the physical body, and my heart remained in a dull, unfeeling state. Still, from the beginning, it was clear to me that I wanted to trust only what arose from within myself, only what I could truly feel inside. For that reason, I believe I simply kept looking back on the thoughts I had used throughout my life.

If harsh, resentful feelings welled up toward someone, I realized they were not directed solely at that person but had

been used toward all sorts of people and situations. Indeed, though the other may change, the self remains the same. I learned that in the world of consciousness, unless my own heart and thoughts changed, swapping faces or altering circumstances would change nothing.

My own personal theme—"love" and "death"—is one I will continue to face within myself from here on.

I was someone who had wandered on without understanding "love" or "death." To settle accounts with that self from the past was, to me, an act of love toward myself. And that love, in turn, was what would tell me how to face the ultimate scene for every human being—death—on my own terms. For that purpose, I had prepared the time and space of the life I now hold in the physical body.

My foolish physical self had persisted, unrepentantly, in living out a foolish physical life—being born, dying, then being born again and dying again, over and over—an endless cycle in which I had accumulated nothing but suffering through countless reincarnations.

Now, I feel it is about time to put a period to all of that. I was born to my mother in this life, having written out the scenario of my own life with this intent. That is why the time I have in this life is so very precious to me. I feel that I took on this present body in the midst of a life-or-death choice, with all my might.

Because of the intensity of that resolve, I have deeply and persistently felt within myself a certain dissonance from the

common notions of happiness and joy held by the world. Even when I experienced what society calls happiness or joy, there was always some part of me that would rise up to deny it. I would feel the self that rejoiced—"I'm happy, I'm delighted"—and at the same time, the self that told me, No, that's not it. I have long carried within me the question: What does this mean?

2. The Importance of Looking at the Heart and Taking a Third-Party Perspective

Of course, until I arrived at the truth, my longing for the joy and happiness of the physical world was strong. I kept wondering what would have to happen, and what I would need to do, to truly feel happiness and joy from the depths of my heart. I also believe I made efforts in the physical sense. But in truth, no matter how hard I tried, I never found an answer that truly satisfied me. I sensed that something was missing from myself, that something was lacking—but I never knew what that "something" was.

Even while leading a life immersed in the physical, I could never deceive myself about this. As I have described before, I came to understand this as a kind of "throbbing ache" within me. When something triggered it, that ache would resonate all the more strongly within me. I interpret this as something that

pushed me forward, took form, appeared before my eyes, and urged me to awaken.

As my heart became more sensitive and began to grasp the truth, I came to understand this: the ache was something I myself was telling and teaching to myself. I often wondered—who is the “me” that tells and teaches me, and who is the “me” that hears it? In this way, I often observed myself from a third-party point of view.

Even after joining the study gatherings, I have felt that the work of looking at the heart requires this third-party perspective—stepping back and observing oneself from a distance. When you are caught in the midst of events, you cannot see the whole picture. I believe the same is true when it comes to looking at the heart.

I also think it is important to approach this work with the premise that the physical self is, without exception, foolish. When you do so, you realize there is no such thing as a “person of high moral character” as the world defines it. To go further, if one does not know the vibration called Albert, then even if someone is considered a person of high character in the physical world, in the world of consciousness that is never the case. This truth becomes unmistakably clear.

3. Dialogue with Oneself and Living with Responsibility

When we strip away all such physical attachments and look at the heart, we begin to sense things from an entirely different angle—even matters that, as human beings and by moral standards, we have accepted and let pass without question. This is because we start to perceive things not as forms, but as vibrations.

In the physical world, we may have deemed something acceptable, but when we begin to ask, What about the vibration, the energy that comes from it?, the picture can change. If we live our daily lives while sensing such things, there will inevitably come a time when we ask ourselves: Is this daily routine really okay? Is it enough that a day passes from morning to night like this? Is this truly how I want to live?

It is as if an inner ache begins to throb closer to the surface of the physical body. Of course, in such times, one way forward may be to talk with others about your worries, to seek answers, or to find possible solutions. By pouring out the thoughts you hold within, rather than brooding over them alone, you might open up a new path.

However, I would encourage you—especially in such moments—to turn all the more seriously and directly to yourself with these questions. The answer may not come immediately, but if you keep engaging in trial and error and

continue your dialogue with yourself—in other words, if you continue the process of looking into your own heart—you will inevitably arrive at something that you yourself are telling and teaching yourself. And when you reach the conclusion that you have arrived at by your own process, you will be able to accept it. Even if it is slightly off from the direction of truth, you will naturally be able to make the necessary corrections.

On the other hand, if you neglect the work of looking into your own heart, it will only lead to endlessly shifting responsibility onto others. In any situation, it is ultimately you who must make the final decision. Even if you were acting on someone else's recommendation, the choice you made is still your own. Saying that person told me to or it was written here is, in my view, far too irresponsible and careless.

I believe that losing the spirit and determination to take responsibility for your own life means it is all over. Living that way, you will not even be able to obtain the joys and happiness of the physical world. Your life is something you should steer yourself. What, then, of a life left entirely in the hands of another? If you truly leave everything to someone else, perhaps that might be fine—but in reality, such a thing never happens. Living with discontent and frustration simmering somewhere in your heart is, I believe, a deep misfortune—indeed, nothing could be more pitiable.

4. Turning Consciousness and Breaking Free from the Foundation of the Physical Self

No matter how fiercely one may have unleashed energy during the span of life we call “a lifetime,” when I think of myself—here, now, existing as I am—I am left without words. In this present life, although I have never literally killed anyone, I have come to feel that in the world of the heart, in the world of consciousness, I have killed countless people. And the more I realize this, the more I find myself thinking, Am I truly allowed to be this happy now?

To reach such happiness, however, it is not enough to remain bound to the consciousness that identifies with the physical self. It can only be achieved by turning and freeing one’s consciousness, and doing so with one’s very life on the line.

Now, about this turning and liberation of consciousness: the expressions “Turning Consciousness” and “Turning the Heart” have appeared many times already in this book, so I would like to touch on them briefly here. In the course of daily life, through suffering, worry, and sorrow, people think about many things. We take time to ponder. And why do we think? I believe it is because, at the root of it, we want to be happy. Everyone wishes to live a happy life.

Yet when it comes to the question of how to achieve that, no one can give a clear answer. Most people, however, more or less

believe—whether consciously or unconsciously—that money will bring happiness. They may refrain from bluntly declaring that money is everything, but in today’s world, it is an unspoken truth that society revolves around money. When something happens, people rush about in matters related to money. In resolving problems, money is always involved. This is common sense in society, and because we live within it, we naturally follow its ways, even as we carry various personal motives.

But this only keeps us going in circles, never moving beyond. In the end, it is nothing more than sinking deeper into society’s common sense. The foundation of the physical self—the belief that happiness and joy reside in a life centered on the physical body—stands immovably in our way.

Turning consciousness, turning the heart, begins with recognizing that we are standing upon that foundation of the physical self. It means changing the view that this physical body is who we are. It is to truly know in our hearts that this foundation is mistaken, and to dismantle it ourselves.

The conditions for happiness on the foundation of the physical self differ from person to person. A robust, vigorous body; a keen intellect; connections with those who love and are kind to you; a position or status that values you highly; abundant wealth—the list varies. But even if one were to acquire them all, I am convinced they cannot fill the loneliness and emptiness that storms through the heart. What about you?

Some may feel, That might be true. Others may say, No, I

believe those things will make me happy, and I will work hard to obtain them.

On the other hand, what is the nature of the happiness that comes from a foundation not of the physical self, but of the world of consciousness? Is it, like in the physical world, different for each person? Here, the word “Albert” comes into play. This term has already appeared several times, and I will explain it in more detail later.

Happiness and joy based on the world of consciousness can be summed up in one thing alone: the vibrational world of Albert. The world of Albert is the only world of true happiness and joy. In the world of consciousness, there are no multiple choices as in the physical world.

And I must add: although religions and spiritual teachings abound in today’s world, they too lie on the extension of the physical-centered worldview. Even if a teaching is praised as wonderful, or is said to explain the true path of human beings, they all share one thing in common—they are based on the foundation of the physical self. This is where I ask you to focus your attention.

Therefore, even if something bears the signboard of “world of consciousness,” “world of vibration,” or “mystical world,” if its foundation is wrong, it is not the true world of consciousness. I hope you will understand this.

5. My Encounter with Tomekichi Taike and His Influence

At the beginning of this book, I wrote that the greatest turning point in my life in this present incarnation was my encounter with Tomekichi Taike. Of course, this encounter was a meeting between one physical being and another. Without it, the person I am today would not exist, and the series of experiences I have had in my everyday life would have been nothing more than fragments of an ordinary physical existence.

Getting married, losing my husband, and later losing my father to illness—these are the kinds of things that are all too common in the world. To go further, there are countless people who have endured hardships, faced difficult circumstances, and experienced sorrow. But I believe that no matter how many ordeals someone has gone through, it does not necessarily mean they have truly made those experiences into nourishment for their own growth.

If, when reflecting on one's life, one says, I have my present happiness precisely because I have endured such hardships and gone through these experiences, I would still ask: What exactly is that happiness? What exactly is your joy? Are you truly satisfied with who you are now? In the end, most people's answers rest on the foundation of the physical self. As a human being, you might say: In the course of this kind of life, I have

had these kinds of experiences, and as a result I think this way, I feel this way. From here on, I hope for things to turn out like this, and I will do my best to make it so.

For me, it has been different. The events I have experienced in this lifetime are indeed common occurrences in the world. There is no shortage of people suffering from mental illness or cancer. What matters, however, is how one perceives and learns from those experiences. Without a doubt, such events are meant to prompt awareness. Yet most people do not take them that way.

Things happen around us to make us aware of something, but in most cases, our focus turns solely to dealing with the situation at hand. In simple terms, we search for ways to solve the problem: if money is needed, we do our best to raise it; if medical treatment is required, we seek out the most reputable doctors and the best-equipped hospitals. Then, when the immediate issues are resolved over time, that is the end of it.

It was Tomekichi Taike who taught me that such an approach does nothing to address the fundamental problem. Through my own experiences, I also came to feel that merely dealing with what was in front of me resolved nothing within me. By making my real-life experiences into turning points, I came to know a completely different self. In that sense, I believe I have truly made ordinary events into nourishment for my own growth.

With that in mind, I would like to share a little about what I have personally thought of Tomekichi Taike—about both his physical being and his consciousness—and about what he

taught me regarding looking into the heart.

My first encounter with him was at a seminar venue. I knew he had been a mathematics teacher and had even served as a high school principal, but to me, that did not make him someone to be revered, nor did I attach any special weight to his career history. In fact, I disregarded it entirely. The truth is, I had little interest in him as a physical person at first.

We were far apart in age, he was not my type, and physically speaking, he was someone who seemed distant from my world. But I felt that the seminar was a place where I could learn the things I wanted to know, and so I wanted to attend. When I did, he would speak, but my first honest impression was that his talks, while having points that made me think I see, lacked concreteness and were hard to grasp. I often wished he would explain things in a way I could understand better.

Yet his message was always the same: Look into your heart. Reflect on your mother. Reflect on your reliance on outside powers. You cannot understand with your head—you can only understand with your heart. For someone like me, who was trying to understand with my head, his words felt like trying to catch hold of clouds.

Even so, whenever I went to a seminar, I would want to go again. I think I caused a fair amount of inconvenience to my colleagues at work because of that.

6. Practicing Looking at the Heart and How to Receive Emotions

When it comes to looking into the heart, in a seminar setting, where Tomekichi Taike was present, it was natural for everyone to have various thoughts about him as a physical person. I was no exception—I voiced thoughts like, His talk lacks concreteness, or Explain it more clearly, letting such self-centered opinions run freely. This, of course, was simply evidence of my own inflated self-importance, though I did not realize this in my heart until much later.

Let me give one example regarding the practice of looking at the heart.

In the seminars, there would first be a talk by Tomekichi Taike, and when that ended, channeling was the main activity at the time. People known as “channelers” would begin to speak about the thoughts in others’ hearts. Some even brought up past lives. They would describe events from eras of which I had no memory and speak of the kinds of thoughts I had used then. I listened to such things almost as if I were hearing a story.

At first, I listened to channeling with curiosity, and sometimes even with tears in my eyes. But before long, I began to feel unsatisfied with it. I especially grew weary of channelings about personal family troubles—what the husband felt, what the wife was thinking, how the child was doing. I came to feel there was

no point in hearing such things endlessly. What I truly wanted to know was not that. And yet, I now look back and see that I was not looking into the depths of my own heart at all. I am certain that I looked down on those who sought channeling, elevating myself above them.

The real point of study was not the content of the channeling itself, but rather: What thoughts arise in my own heart in this situation? But I, too, was caught up in channeling and channelers. This was true for both those who listened and those who received channeling. How many people truly studied while looking into their own hearts? In such an environment, at the very least, Tomekichi Taike must have continued the seminars calmly while observing his own heart.

I often wondered—Can one really understand by looking at the heart? Isn't there a quicker way? If possible, I'd like to become a channeler myself. I did not easily realize that beneath such thinking was my own towering sense of self-importance. I was not truly looking at my heart. Even when I tried to, I was relying on my clever mind, trying to trace my heart's movements with my head.

Still, I now think it is fine to begin that way. As you persist, there will come a moment when you are startled by the realization of how foolish it was to try to grasp the world of the heart with your head. When told Just do it or Try it, the physical body should follow straightforwardly. I now understand that thoughts like What will happen if I do? or

Will it really work? are completely unnecessary.

But understanding and practicing how to look at the heart does not happen overnight. Steadily, you simply keep watching your own shifting heart within yourself. You do not evaluate the thoughts that arise by the standards of the physical body, and you certainly do not compare them with others.

For example, if a thought or feeling of anger arises, simply look straight at that anger. If you feel, Damn it! Why is it like this? and sense the injustice of the matter, then first bring that thought to the surface. By “bring it out,” I do not mean taking it out on people or objects, or covering it up with something else. I mean simply acknowledging that you are angry. Then, feel the suffering of being that angry self.

Some people cannot feel that suffering—because they believe themselves to be correct and admirable. If you confirm your anger while justifying yourself, your focus will always be directed outward, never toward yourself. That is not truly looking at the heart.

If you do feel the suffering, the next step is not to say, I suffer because that person is at fault or Because I suffered this injustice. People often say, No one can understand my anger, my sorrow, my suffering, and I agree. The pain and suffering of the heart can only truly be understood by the one experiencing them. There are limits to sharing the heart’s pain with others, because each of us carries a different background in consciousness.

Understanding emotions as human feelings is different from truly understanding each other in consciousness. This is because such pain and suffering are brought about by oneself, within one's own world of consciousness, as a way to move toward the direction of truth. The only one who can truly understand your anger or other painful feelings is yourself—and deep down, everyone already knows this. Yet, even while saying No one can understand my suffering, we try to get others to understand, and that only deepens our suffering.

Thus, when you see your shifting heart day by day, and for example, encounter your own anger, it is good if you can think: Ah, I am angry now. I just need to accept this anger within myself. This is possible by recognizing both the self that is angry and the self that is observing that anger objectively. Tomekichi Taike taught that this work should be done calmly, without haste or interruption.

Ordinarily, anger just runs its course. This is not limited to anger—whatever the thought may be, it is important first to bring it out fully. But if you simply leave it there, it is no good. In most cases, days pass with the state unchanged.

Even if the feeling appears to have subsided, the cause has not been resolved, so something will arise again to draw out that same thought. You become angry again, more time passes, and eventually, that anger may even begin to eat away at your body's cells. When anger subsides, that does not mean it is gone—once the conditions are right, it will spring forth again.

That is how the world of consciousness works.

As you continue, you may start to wonder why anger arises within you even when the person changes or the situation changes. At that point, if you can think, Perhaps this person is here, and this situation has arisen, precisely to draw out my anger, then you are already halfway there.

Yes—your focus should not be on the other person or the event in front of you. For that awareness to take root in your heart, you will need both the practice of looking at your heart and the passage of time. That is why I say it cannot be understood in a single day.

7. The Relationship Between the Physical and Consciousness, and My Conviction About Albert

Here, I would like to share something I have felt through my relationship with Tomekichi Taïke.

At first, I regarded Mr. Taïke simply as a teacher of the learning and thought of him as someone distant from me. But about two or three years after I began, he started occasionally murmuring a word or two to me whenever something happened. And rather than encouragement or praise, they were always things I did not want to hear. They may have been casual remarks to him, but to me they pierced straight

into my heart. I would swallow down my “damn you” feelings, keeping my face composed—over and over again. Perhaps he was telling me, Look into your heart, but at the time I only thought of him as someone who said unpleasant things. I even wondered why he was bothering me so much.

Once, he said to me, “You’re wearing a fine suit, Tax Accountant.” Even in my insensitivity, I understood that “suit” referred to my physical self. But I thought, If that’s what you mean, why not just say it directly? and once again I was ready to cross swords with him.

To the heavily armored and helmeted physical self that would not easily yield, Mr. Taike’s consciousness related with the utmost kindness. Yet in my immaturity, I could not receive that kindness.

It was only when my physical self began to loosen—when my heart was becoming more sensitive—that I truly began to feel those words as coming from kindness. While my “damn you” feelings would erupt, I also began to sense an indescribable warmth and gentleness through his physical presence. I realized: I had been seeing him only as the physical body, hearing him only with the physical body, reacting with opposition—everything was according to the standards of the physical body. And because of that, I had let his kindness and warmth pass me by without recognition.

Of course, this was not only toward Mr. Taike’s physical form. He made me realize the error of relating to everything

purely on a physical-body basis. Without meeting him, I would still be holding my physical self aloft, never loosening the energy that runs to the physical body, never discovering the joy of turning that energy inward to my own heart. That is why meeting Tomekichi Taike was the greatest turning point of my life—it was the meeting with an entirely different self.

Those who have met him will know: in appearance he is an ordinary old man. I once let slip the word “old geezer,” but it was an expression of gratitude from my heart. This “old geezer” continued the seminars not by driving his aging body with a whip, but in a way that could truly be said to be putting his life on the line. It is well known that he asked for no payment, no honor, nothing at all—he was simply a physical being and consciousness come to convey the truth. I was quick to recognize this, and to have realized it within myself is my good fortune.

The physical body and consciousness of Tomekichi Taike, and my own physical body and consciousness—this meeting in the present lifetime is something we both rejoice in from the bottom of our hearts. One of us came from the world of truth, the other from the depths of hell—yet in reality, the two were one. From events as common as any in this world, I had finally given myself the moment of awakening.

I feel and am convinced in my heart that my world of consciousness had planned this meeting with the consciousness that bore the physical body of Tomekichi Taike. To those who know only the world of form, such an expression may not make

sense—and I understand that. That is why I explain as much as I can. But there are limits. The parts that cannot be expressed in words must be realized in one's own heart, through one's own process of looking within. The true world of consciousness is not one that can be understood with the head.

When you have the physical body, you over-rely on the head. I, too, made that mistake for a long time. Fortunately, I realized the limit early on and was able to change my direction. Yet society at large remains head-first, economy-first. Bearing that fully in mind, the question becomes: In what direction will you live from here?

My regard for Tomekichi Taike is unwavering. Of course, as physical beings both he and I are foolish, but I have also seen his sincerity as a physical person. I have caught glimpses of the depth of his dedication in walking the path of truth. In a world plastered over with lies, the joy of having met such a person is endless. And needless to say, when I turn my thoughts to the world of consciousness, it goes without saying.

In this life, the world of truth brought forth the physical body of Tomekichi Taike. Two hundred and fifty years from now, the world of truth will again bring forth a physical form—this time with the very name “Albert.” The world of truth is Albert. The physical body of Albert in this life is Tomekichi Taike; the physical body of Albert in 250 years will be Albert himself.

My world of consciousness has already grasped this. That is why the plan is for me also to take on the physical body in

both this lifetime and again 250 years from now, when Albert will be in physical form.

I am already convinced within myself that I was born with a physical body in this life to meet the vibration of Albert. It is clear to me that the scenario of meeting Albert's vibration is both my present life and my next.

What I sought was to meet the vibration of Albert—in other words, to meet my true self. This was the cry of my heart, the truth I had been searching for. Faithfully and sincerely, my time will continue to flow according to that cry of the heart. That is who I am now, and that is the very flow of consciousness. This is why, as I said at the beginning, I can say, My life is happy. Not because of who is there, not because of what is there, but because I have met my true self—this fact speaks to me within.

I am now walking my path exactly according to the scenario I have written for myself. That path already connects to 250 years in the future, and I believe and confirm that it also extends beyond, into the further reaches of my world of consciousness. For now, I am simply savoring my own being and the world of Albert.

Within me now, I have reached the point of sensing the flow of consciousness that is the dimensional shift. Along with my next life 250 years from now, I feel the many selves within me waiting for the moment when joy will blossom toward even greater truth.

8. The Meaning of Albert and Awakening from the False Self

What I have described so far is the broad outline of the path of learning I have walked. Now I would like to share a little more about what Albert is—what it means to be with Albert, or to encounter Albert—together with my present thoughts.

Over the twenty years of seminar activities, many people, I believe, learned through the stages of “God,” “Child of God,” and “El-Ranty Taike.” Among them, are there not some who still feel a catch in their hearts, wondering: How is Albert’s world different from those worlds? Why Albert, and why not God, Child of God, or El-Ranty Taike?

I do not say “different” or “wrong,” but rather that the learning has evolved. The world of consciousness is profoundly deep. When one reaches the stage of truly understanding the vibration of Albert, the terms “God,” “Child of God,” and “El-Ranty Taike” are already completely obsolete. Nevertheless, I think some who have been learning for many years still carry remnants of that earlier stage. Inevitably, their level remains that of that time.

While writing this book, I felt that this situation is untenable, and that I should speak about it here. It may be best to understand that the level of the world of consciousness has advanced greatly compared to that earlier period. I hope readers will face

themselves honestly and walk forward together.

I must also say that without changing yourself—that is, without turning your consciousness—nothing in your situation will change. Harsh though it may sound, this is the truth of the world of consciousness. I am glad that I have grown to the point where I can now state this so clearly.

So, what is Albert? In a word, it is vibration—the one and only positive energy—and it refers to the true self.

Strictly speaking, it does not have to be called “Albert.” But living in a society of words as we do, having a shared term to point our hearts toward the world of true vibration is useful. That is why the term “Albert” is used. It is also, of course, the name of Tomekichi Taike’s physical body in his next life. But if you see Albert only in that narrow sense, you will misunderstand the original meaning of “to be with Albert.”

And no, it is not true that any common term would do. Since “God,” “Child of God,” and “El-Ranty Taike” are already dead terms, Albert is the most accurate expression at this point in time.

What I most want you to know is that the world of true vibration exists, unshakably. In other words, your true self exists, unshakably. And the only way to realize this is through your own heart. The most important thing is to know in your heart that you yourself are Albert—that your true self is energy, and moreover, positive energy.

Because Albert means positive energy and the true self, everyone has always felt Albert and has always existed together

with Albert. But human beings have long believed that they are their physical bodies, that the world of form—including themselves—is the real thing. This is why we can no longer feel Albert—the false self has blocked off the true self.

We spend our days in this condition. And we must never forget that it is we ourselves who created it. Because we created it, we can also return ourselves to our original state. That is what it means to live together with Albert. To encounter Albert is to encounter your true self, to revive your true self.

How can this be done? First, by realizing that you have been generating negative energy. You must realize that you have neglected your true self and continually created a false self. And how do you realize this? By devoting yourself to looking at your heart in the course of daily life.

Whenever you say or do something, there must be a thought behind it. When someone says something to you, you also think something in return, and then either voice it or show it in your attitude. Even if you do neither, you will still think something. When you see or hear what someone else does, you will also think various things about it. Sometimes these thoughts erupt from the heart as intense emotions, becoming your words and actions. At other times, your heart may be filled for no reason with emptiness or loneliness—or you may be elated, in high spirits, your heart dancing with joy.

In every case, these are the false selves you have created. This false self now appears full-scale through your present

body. If you do not look into your heart, you will be swept along by each of these. You will be tossed about in the gap between your true self and your false self.

In the world of form, this gap appears as various worries and sufferings that seem to cause your distress. But from the perspective of Albert—your true self—they are nothing but joy. This is because these worries and sufferings are messages to yourself, urging you to awaken from the false self to the true self.

By looking at your heart, you will come to understand this for yourself. Then you will naturally come to think: Let me gladly accept my false self. And you will realize that there is no such thing as “negative”—that all is positive, all is Albert. In the learning, this process was referred to as self-redemption.

Recognizing the false self, accepting it, and transforming it into the true self—this can only be done within Albert, within positive energy. Having long swelled with negative energy, it is only when we take on physical form that we can come to know the existence of positive energy—that is, the existence of our true selves.

This is why we, as consciousness, take on form—why we are born. When you truly understand this, you will know what a joy it is, what happiness it is, to live a life in which you meet Albert while having the physical body; to live together with Albert.

And if you look earnestly into your heart, anyone can feel this for themselves.

When we speak of a “life of meeting Albert” or a “scenario,”

it may sound as if it is something special. But in fact, this is true for all human beings. Each of us has set up our lives to meet Albert—the positive energy—yet until now we have lived and died without realizing it. From now on, as the world of form collapses on a grand scale, people will finally begin to awaken to it. I am certain this is the flow of consciousness.

If you continue to look into your heart, you will see that Albert's world is literally infinite, and that the negatives you have created are limitless. This is never a world of "I've done it" or "I've understood it." That is why, when I think about my future self, only joy expands. Because in my heart, I come to feel that the limitless negatives are also limitless positives.

Of course, I feel this deeply. My path toward Albert has only just begun in this lifetime. I am walking it step by step, and have already connected it to 250 years from now. From there, through the dimensional shift, I now stand in the certainty that I will exist forever.

If you ask me what Albert is, I will answer without hesitation: Albert is everything to me. This is not an exaggeration. Having met the real thing and knowing it to be myself, I now feel joy and happiness—joy and happiness that are exactly what I had longed for most.



First Seminar: August 1985



A scene from the seminar in 2009



Mr. Taike during his time as
a high school principal
(April 1986)



Mr. Taike, who had just become
a junior high school teacher
(August 1945)

Chapter 7

About the Website

Chapter 7 - Summary

In this chapter, I share how the website became another place of learning for me. Through it, I could reflect, receive guidance, and continue my journey even beyond physical gatherings. Each post was a chance to see my own heart more clearly.

The internet, for all its distractions, can also carry truth—if we use it with the right heart.

This chapter reminds us that even the tools of this age can become bridges to the world of consciousness.

While participating in seminars was undoubtedly the most important part of advancing in my learning, there was another major factor that played a significant role: the website.

From the latter half of 2000, Tomekichi Taike launched his first website, *It's Time for Reflection and Meditation*, which was truly packed with content.

I remember one day around that time receiving a phone call from Mr. Taike. He told me, "I'm going to create a section called *F's Reflection* on the website, so send me by email the thoughts that come up when you meditate."

After that, he also gave me space on the site for various sections—*Messages from the Core*, *Messages from the Flow of Consciousness*, *Is This Not Your Consciousness?*, and others that he would set up from time to time.

Even now, after his passing, Mr. Taike's website remains online under the title *Flow of Consciousness – Meditate While Thinking of Tomekichi Taike's Magnetic Field*. There, too, I was given a section called *From My Meditation*.

It was around the autumn of 2014 that he told me, "It's about time you start your own website." I believe this came up because he had already decided to step down in December of that year from the seminars he had been holding for nearly thirty years, which regularly drew 600 to 700 participants.

I felt he was encouraging me: *Through your website, through the seminars, learn together with everyone in the*

world of true vibration—the world of Tomekichi Taike. One year later, Mr. Taike passed away.

Following his words, in January 2015 I launched my own website under the title Let's Learn Together Within the Circle of UTA (<https://www.uta0309.com/>).

By 2016, the year after Mr. Taike's passing in December 2015, the Circle of UTA seminars—started in the spring of 2015—were entering their second year.

Encouraged by Mr. Taike, I now receive support for the seminars from the NPO Circle of UTA, and for the website from the General Incorporated Association UTA Book. In line with the words Mr. Taike left us, I am grateful to be learning joyfully together with my companions, above all in faithfully carrying out his wishes.

In keeping with Mr. Taike's desire—Through your website, through the seminars, learn together with everyone in the world of true vibration—the world of Tomekichi Taike—let us continue to learn together.

Finally, I mentioned earlier that this book represents the starting point of my learning. In truth, I also regard F's Reflection in the same way.

Therefore—although it may be a selfish request—I ask your understanding in allowing me to include F's Reflection here in reprinted form. Written around the year 2000, these reflections go back sixteen years, but I hope that perhaps you will feel something from them, and if you do, that would make me very happy.

Chapter 8

F's Reflection

Chapter 8 - Summary

In this chapter, I speak of “F’s Reflection,” which was never about someone else but always a mirror of myself. Each reflection revealed attachments, fears, and mistaken thoughts I had long avoided. At first I resisted, but slowly I felt how necessary it was to face them.

In doing so, I touched the joy of beginning to live in truth. The reflections became a dialogue between my mistaken self and the consciousness within me that had always been waiting.

These pages may encourage you, too, to pause and reflect—honestly, gently, and with the courage to see what lies in your own heart.

F's Reflection –1

I believe. How about you? Do you believe in me? Can you entrust everything?

This was the thought that came to me during my morning meditation. I felt it was the gentle heart within me speaking to the “me” that thinks it is the physical self.

What do you think about in your daily life? Do you live with joy? Are you using this learning as a shield to place yourself above others? Each person has their own way of learning, their own path to return to God. Everyone is doing their best. The thought of “I wish they would do this” is only a source of suffering. All that truly matters is how much you yourself can spend each day with a joyful heart.

When you feel the urge to convey something—to encourage someone to turn their heart toward this learning—there is often a hidden trace of blaming that person within that thought. That is not the way. A gentle heart communicates naturally when you yourself are simply living in joy, without special worry or agitation. We are all children of God. Any desire to somehow change things through the physical self is arrogance. Perhaps the time you are given now is necessary for you to realize this. Cherish the time given to you in the physical self, for only through having the physical can certain thoughts become visible.

And when you live this way, you will truly feel in your heart that you exist even without the physical self.

Because my heart has been based on the physical, I have looked down on and blamed others, thinking many times, “If only everyone would engage in this learning, I wouldn’t have to suffer so much or endure such a painful heart.” Yet no matter what others did, the suffering was in my own heart. The only way forward was to change my own thoughts. Still, I kept thinking that suffering came from outside.

It is not only my father who lives side by side with death. He shows me that this is reality. Seeing my father’s physical self, I think closely about my own way of living and of dying. What I have put out, I must settle myself—that is the natural flow.

To live is painful, and to die is frightening. My heart has been entirely caught in this flow. When will I settle it? When will I change that flow? This is my task from now on. In that place there is no one else—only myself.

Awaken, and know. Awaken to the truth that the real you is consciousness. The next three hundred years are the time you give to yourself, so that you may understand this in your own heart. Everything is love. Whatever happens comes to awaken you to the truth. Turn your heart around swiftly, and become someone who can communicate this from your own heart. I am waiting. I have always been waiting in your heart. I am the Taïke Tomekichi within you, the consciousness of Tomekichi Taïke.

F's Reflection – 2

This morning during meditation, I received the message: “Do not be afraid—let your thoughts come forth.”

Yes, I realized, I have always swallowed my own thoughts. That is why I have suffered.

My greatest pain has been my inability to honestly bring my thoughts to the surface, to stop covering myself with appearances. I have been competitive, self-centered, and convinced that no one could be as wonderful as I am. I have lived always expressing that belief, unwilling to be overtaken or to yield to anyone, clinging fiercely to the thought, “Only for me, only for me.” This heart of mine has been steeped in darkness. And my physical self knew all too well that if I ever voiced those feelings directly, it would certainly cause trouble with those around me. Yet my heart has always revealed them, and I have suffered in the gap between those inner feelings and the “signboard” of my physical self.

I hated those dark thoughts. I refused to accept them as part of myself, and so I put on an indifferent face and kept the lid firmly shut. That is why I suffered.

Is your physical self really so magnificent? Why does the physical self exist? Know that it exists so you can see just how far your heart has strayed from God. Many versions of you

have been appealing to you all along—pleading for you to recognize their presence. Please, turn your heart toward Taike Tomekichi, and gently accept those thoughts.

F's Reflection – 3

Now is the time of awakening—the time to awaken. It is a joy to look into our hearts together. Let us return to God together. You and I, all of us, are one. The physical self is individual, but our hearts are connected. We have continued to use hearts filled with suffering, with impurity, and greatly out of alignment with God.

Through my father's physical self, I am being allowed to learn. I will face squarely the dark thoughts within me. Father, please learn together with me. We have forgotten that we are beings of joy. In the thoughts of the physical self, we have always ended our lives in fear, loneliness, and isolation. But I will trust, in my heart, the Taike Tomekichi within me and the warmth of my mother, and I will reveal in my heart that I was never a lonely or fearful being. Please walk with me.

Thank you to my physical body's cells. You have supported this foolish physical self and lived together with me until now. Because you have been here, I have been able to learn. The physical self is foolish, and I have continued to overuse you. Please give me a little more time. I want to keep looking a little longer—at why I

was given this physical body, at what meaning my life has held, and at the many mistakes I have made.

The physical self is precious to me now. Even just a little—just a little—I want to touch the true self before I end this life. I feel as though, in the heart that has repeated so many mistakes, I can finally see a faint light. Until then, please allow me more time.

F's Reflection – 4

It was a seminar truly worthy of marking the beginning of a joyful life. The energy I release is fierce, yet to feel the heart that forgives me for it fills me with nothing but joy. Again and again, I have been given the time to confirm both the rage of the other-power gods who refuse to ever acknowledge Taike Tomekichi, and the heart that still forgives and loves me regardless. I feel deeply how fortunate I am to have been granted such a time, and how profoundly blessed I am simply to be able to gather for these seminars.

I am happy. Thank you.

Mother, thank you. I am happy.

I cursed you, cursed you again and again, cursed and cursed, and killed you, killed you over and over. Please forgive me. Please forgive me, Mother.

Even in the energy of the other-power gods surging toward

Taike Tomekichi in phenomena, I can feel your warmth, Mother, and the repentance in my heart. That makes me happy. And so, step by step, to keep walking the path of returning to God is, simply, joy. I realized that the time of phenomena is a time in which I can directly feel I am being forgiven.

No matter how filthy the thoughts hidden in this heart, no matter how rotten it may have become, the true self has always believed in me, loved me, and forgiven me. The time of phenomena is the time to confirm that. I once thought I had long since been abandoned, but instead, I find that I have been watched over all along. That realization is happiness. I had spent my heart's energy hating and discarding the thoughts of darkness, but I came to see that it was precisely those filthy, hopeless, unwanted thoughts that had been crying out with all their might, "Return to God! I want to return to God!"

To confirm in your own heart the vibration flowing from Taike Tomekichi, to know that vibration—this will become an extremely important key from now on. Over the next three hundred years, we will come to know the world of the heart, the true world of consciousness. This is the path we will walk together with me, Taike Tomekichi, and Albert.

In my heart, the next life is already being steadily prepared. Let us walk together, together, along the path of joy. I am waiting—I will go on waiting for your awakening. My heart is nothing but joy, joy, and joy. Please, believe in me, and walk with me. Step by step, walk the sure path—please, walk it with me.

F's Reflection – 5

Taike Tomekichi is consciousness. He is the gentle warmth of my mother that exists within me. That is why he feels so familiar. Trusting in the consciousness of Taike Tomekichi, I take each step toward returning to my true self. In my heart, the energies of countless gods I once clung to in the past still swirl, yet I choose to trust in the heart of Taike Tomekichi and let that thought be revived within my own heart.

“I am consciousness. I am not the physical self.”

To gradually let this conviction grow within my heart is my joy. Even with a heart filled to the brim with the physical, in this life I was born to my mother and was able to meet Taike Tomekichi. Mother, I am glad I was born. Thank you for giving me life.

During a phone call, the teacher's pointed words drew out my honest thoughts. And the other-power energies I had once held onto showed me the truth—it was all me. The kindness of the thought that my own self has been conveying to me makes me simply happy to meet so many parts of myself like this, here and now.

Taike Tomekichi only continues to wait. He is the consciousness that keeps communicating the joyful heart with gentle thought. You are me, and I am you. If you truly feel that

thought in your heart, there will be nothing to fear.

At the deepest depths of a heart bound and constricted by countless other-power energies lies the true self, buried. I simply trust in you and go on waiting. In this lifetime, the time remaining for my connection with the physical Taïke Tomekichi is now very short. But in the world of consciousness, I am together with you. And what you have learned in this life—please carry it into your next life. I will go on waiting, always.

F's Reflection – 6

What is it that is wrong? Feel it in your heart. Not with words, not with your head—feel it with your heart.

My heart is bound tight, unable to move an inch. I am holding my own heart in a firm grip. That is what makes it painful. Because it is painful, I asked myself what I should do. The answer that came back was my mother's reflection: Remember your mother's warmth. Remember your mother's warmth, and accept the painful thoughts you are holding.

Because my heart was so tightly bound, I think I was once able to rouse and push my physical self to persevere. Believing only in the physical self, I lived my own version of life with all my effort. The source of that energy was this bound-up heart.

I took pride in it, saw it as something great, and, aligning with the consciousness that swelled such thoughts, I walked straight into the whirlpool of suffering.

It was the energy I had chosen and allowed to grow within my heart—an energy I had sought with a mind based on the physical self. It was the desire to draw out the hidden abilities within me. With that heart, I kept seeking God—God, God, God, please give me strength. I sought God with a heart that wanted my physical self to be exalted. Give me power, give me power,—I sought God with a heart of the physical self, the physical self, the physical self.

The desire to gain power from a physical-based heart is painful, yet I could not stop. Even though I knew it was wrong, I could not stop.

The number 306,000,000 years has been shown. Habits of the heart cannot be corrected so easily. But it is not impossible. As I have always said, repeat reflection and meditation—think of the Taike Tomekichi within you, and turn your heart toward the physical Taike Tomekichi right before you. Direct your heart toward this guidepost. Do it with sincerity, and you will begin to understand in your heart.

We are about to face a great turning point—that is the flow. I simply trust in that divine flow. Soon, we will reach the time when the other-power energies will be uprooted and collapse completely.

F's Reflection – 7

I read the page titled “Move Straight Ahead with the Turning of the Heart.” I was arrogant. I still thought the physical self could do it, that I could make it happen through the physical, that I could change through the physical. But the physical self could do nothing—nothing at all. I realized that it would have been enough simply to reflect, to meditate, to participate in phenomena, and to rejoice in whatever I could notice in my own heart. That alone was enough.

Somewhere along the way, I had begun to put unnecessary pressure on myself—thinking, I have to change, I have to transform. I began to feel that unless I noticed something through reflection, meditation, and participation, there was no value in doing them. Without realizing it, I was continuing the same approach I had used for physical-world study. But that was not it. Reflection, meditation, participating in phenomena, and even one-on-one sessions with the teacher—everything was, in truth, only joy.

Through meditation, thinking of the Taike Tomekichi in my heart, thinking of Taike Tomekichi, and trusting only in the joy I felt in that moment—that was all I needed to do. I felt how arrogant my heart had been. Thank you.

F's Reflection – 8

There was a gentle thought in my heart, too.

I turned my heart to the thoughts my mother had when she carried me in her womb. She was simply happy that I would be born. She only wished for me to grow into an honest and good child. Yet I had competed with others, looked down on others, blamed and judged others, and neglected my mother. Even so, my mother still said, “You are a good child,” and she gave me life and raised me.

My mother loved and trusted me. She believed in the heart of a child of God. That was the heart of Taïke Tomekichi. Even when I looked down on him and could not acknowledge him, Taïke Tomekichi accepted me, forgave me, and waited for me. His vibration kept telling me, “You are truly a sincere person. I believe in you.” I was both my own favorite and the one I disliked most.

The me who had pushed away and rejected myself again and again—Taïke Tomekichi simply waited for me, with a gentle heart, for a very long time. And he still waits.

It was my mother. My mother waited, waited, and went on waiting for me. No matter how many times I betrayed her, she trusted me and kept waiting.

I want to return to my mother's heart. My mother's heart is my true home.

F's Reflection – 9

All-knowing, all-powerful—almighty. It had been a long time since I heard those words. They were words I liked. That was the image I held of Mr. T. I had revered him as a superhuman, comparing him to the physical self. I believed that those who stand before everyone must remain veiled in mystery. Perhaps I did not want Taïke Tomekichi to do things like bathe with everyone or eat in the same room. Without realizing it, I may have been thinking this way. When asked if there was something I disliked about him physically, perhaps it was that being an ordinary person wasn't good enough for me, that I wished he were someone with more secrecy surrounding him.

When told to turn my heart toward Mr. T, what I felt was only pain. I also felt frustration that I could not display my full power here, and the thought arose: "Disappear, Taïke Tomekichi." And yet, the vibration of Taïke Tomekichi was gentle enough to embrace even that thought. I could feel my heart changing. Mother, Mother... Mother accepted even me—accepted the immense energy I was putting out. My heart began to change.

The teacher was simply showing me the difference in vibration. Words were unnecessary. Form was unnecessary. There was a gentleness that could be felt without any forceful

explanation. I had been irritated that the teacher did not show me through form. I placed Mr. T far above, and kept looking down on Taike Tomekichi—my true self. I was fixated on the physical aspect of Taike Tomekichi, seeing him only as a physical being.

I was given many opportunities to turn my heart toward Taike Tomekichi. His vibration was the warmth of a mother—it was my mother. By turning my heart toward Taike Tomekichi, I began to loosen my reverence for Mr. T.

F's Reflection – 10

When I close my eyes and think of Taike Tomekichi, a feeling of joy begins to spread within my heart. Joy, joy—and then, Mother, thank you—these thoughts keep coming. Tears well up, and I marvel at how naturally honest I have become. I think, If I could interact with others from this heart, from this feeling, how much lighter my heart would be and how much more enjoyable each day would become.

At present, the seminars continue in such a way that each participant becomes more sensitive to, and able to feel, the vibration of Taike Tomekichi. It may seem hopelessly outdated, but for a long time after I began attending seminars, I remained fixated on the idea of channeling. I always believed that unless my “spirit path” opened, I could not truly

understand this learning. Seeing the spirit path as a kind of ability, I longed to acquire it and joined seminars with the thought, How can I open the window of my heart? I reflected with that purpose.

Although I was often urged to check my motives and purpose for attending, I treated that matter lightly, avoiding it because I did not want to face it. Becoming a channeler, I thought, would not only draw people's attention to me, but would also make me more sensitive to the world of consciousness. If I became a channeler, I imagined, I would be able to see my own heart clearly, making reflection smooth, and then I would easily notice my habits of mind and correct them. I kept searching for the most convenient shortcut. With such childish, calculating thoughts, I continued attending seminars for many years.

Seven years have now passed. The other-power energy within me still remains deeply rooted in my heart. I have become a little more sensitive and can now confirm this for myself. When I think of Taike Tomekichi, feelings of joy and gentleness also arise in my heart. I have also come to understand that unless I trust and accept these gentle thoughts, the other-power energy will never leave me.

Becoming sensitive to the world of consciousness was nothing like the easy idea I had imagined. I now realize that I chose to pursue channeling as a way to confirm just how much energy I have been holding. In truth, wanting to be a channeler

was for my own sake. I once considered a channeler—someone who receives many streams of consciousness and speaks many words—to be a truly enlightened person. But I now understand that nothing could change unless I changed at the root. Without knowing vibration, without being able to trust vibration, nothing can truly be seen.

It always comes back to the starting point. I want to carefully nurture the thought that arises from my heart: I will trust Taike Tomekichi.

F's Reflection – 11

I have a high opinion of myself. That is why I find it difficult to honestly show my emotions. This has been a source of pain for me. When I felt happy, I should have just cried out, “I’m happy!” But instead of admiring those who express their feelings openly, I looked down on them. I thought controlling one’s emotions was good, and I continued to look down on those who acted according to their emotions.

Yet the consciousness within me spoke honestly. Those thoughts were filled with gentleness. The feeling of entrusting myself to Taike Tomekichi was one of deep peace. But I could not bring myself to trust in my own honest feelings. This is what Taike Tomekichi had been telling me all along.

F's Reflection – 12

Always—at all times—I was supported by my true self. I had always been taught that the gentle feeling within me was the real “you.” All I needed was to realize that. Nothing complicated was required. Yet I looked down on myself. I kicked my true self away, living with a proud face, declaring myself wonderful, insisting I was not wrong, all the while spitting at myself inside.

It was truly a self-made, self-directed world. I had regarded the world of consciousness as something mysterious and magical, and I had viewed God through the same lens. That is why I had swelled my heart with thoughts of wanting to know, of wanting the ability to sense such things.

To believe in Taike Tomekichi was to believe in myself—the true self. It was enough to believe in the gentle feelings within me, the joyful feelings within me, and the heart that can honestly say, “Mother, thank you.”

It was happiness to realize that I am someone who is always loved and always waited for. I will believe only in the gentle feeling within me.

Without haste or strain, just walk your path steadily. Believe in me within your heart, and keep walking.

F's Reflection – 13

I was a consciousness that kept wandering. Seeking God, seeking the truth, I wandered on and on. Even in this lifetime alone, I visited many places—shrines and temples alike. Yet my physical self, with its lighthearted and playful attitude, could not easily connect this to genuine reflection on my dependence on other-power.

But when I saw “A Letter from Me to You,” I realized that my heart had been completely turned outward, and that I had been wandering endlessly all along.

I was someone who had been waited for. I was a fortunate being for whom the call, “Come home,” had been sounded without end.

And I have another life ahead. In my next life, I will meet Albert, and I will be able to continue this learning. I know this in my heart, and it makes me happy. Taike Tomekichi and Albert were both within my heart. Thank you. It is happiness to be able to carry this forward into the future.

F's Reflection – 14

I had always thought I could do anything on my own. I believed that if I just used my head and my body, I could manage somehow. It was only when I placed myself in a situation where nothing could be done that I finally came to know my own foolishness. I had always looked at everything from above, with a strong sense of “I am the one doing this—me, me.” Even in this learning, I approached it with the thought, “I will do it myself. Show me the method so I can succeed.” And in doing so, I entirely bypassed self-reconciliation.

I had underestimated Taike Tomekichi. I had taken the world of consciousness lightly. I had treated my own darkness far too casually. This was not simply about looking down on others or putting myself first—it was on a completely different scale:

“I am God. I will rule the entire world. I was born to kill Taike Tomekichi.”

When I was allowed to clearly and explicitly voice these dark thoughts aloud, I was, for the first time, able to confirm just how much darkness my heart contained. In phenomena, I put out tremendous energy, yet I had always thought, “I’m still not as bad as that person.” I did not want to admit it, but I had to: I carry an immense energy within me. Because I could not accept that, I could not truly connect it to reflection.

When I was told, “Turn your heart to Taike Tomekichi,” I said, “I can’t turn my heart to him. I can’t think of him. I was born, here and now in the physical self, to kill Taike Tomekichi—so can you really forgive someone like me?” The vibration of Taike Tomekichi was nothing but a gentle embrace. I was told, “You are already forgiven.” I had been closing my heart. All I needed to do was open it.

I had feared my own darkness, felt I might be crushed beneath it, so my physical self avoided turning my heart toward it. Yet if the darkness is also me, then Taike Tomekichi is the warmth within me as well. The entire world of consciousness was a self-created, self-performed stage. The darkness in my heart is waiting to be released. When one piece comes out, another follows—darkness without end flows from my heart. I now feel in my heart that the darkness born to kill Taike Tomekichi was, in truth, born longing to meet him. That makes me happy. I will learn to turn my heart toward Taike Tomekichi together with my darkness. Thank you.

I had exalted myself—always placing myself first, looking down on everything. Father, Mother, thank you. I was the greatest fool of all. I was a being loved, loved, and forgiven—a happy existence. It is happiness in this life to be able to meet Taike Tomekichi like this. It has been a long 306,000,000-year journey of reincarnations. From here, I will correct my heart and be sure to carry this into my next life. Thank you.

F's Reflection – 15

I had been seeking love. My heart was never fulfilled. No matter how much I sought, my heart remained empty. Everyone, without exception, betrayed me; in the end, they all disappeared from my life. I told myself I would never let that happen again, and I could no longer open my heart. I was lonely—but I could not say I was lonely. There's no way I could be lonely, I insisted, and I worked hard to hide that truth. I kept myself busy only with diverting my heart, doing everything I could to avoid facing it. It was something I absolutely refused to admit: I am not lonely. I could not accept that feeling, nor could I embrace my lonely heart.

Instead, I pressed it down and sought love and power. I believed love was something to be sought and acquired. But it was I myself who was blocking the flow of love.

F's Reflection – 16

Since connecting with this learning, I have come to understand just how deeply I have longed to free myself. And I feel that my meeting with Taike Tomekichi was by no means a

coincidence—it was an encounter meant to happen.

It is happiness to be given time in which I can confirm in my own heart what Taïke Tomekichi has conveyed to me, and to be allowed to feel it in my heart along with his vibration.

F's Reflection – 17

My heart was filled with desire, desire, desire. Now, I have moments when I can close my eyes and converse with myself—time when I can speak within my own heart. In those moments, when I turn my thoughts inward, I can sometimes feel, even a little, that I am happy. I have wished for so much. But I now think that having time to close my eyes and think of Taïke Tomekichi is the greatest happiness of all.

I tried hard to figure out what happiness is, how to attain it, and what it would take for my heart to feel satisfied. I could gain a momentary sense of fulfillment, but soon after came the emptiness and anxiety. My heart was never satisfied; I could not settle it, and I kept wondering why, why? I felt my heart growing rough and withered. But I did not want to show weakness. I did not want to admit to being a complaining, grumbling person. I felt I needed proof that I was living a happy and fulfilling life. It was utterly foolish. Why did I feel the need to keep up such an appearance? I refused to see

myself as the same as “those people.”

In the time between birth and death, if I could accept—even a little—the self I did not want to see or forgive, then my life would be complete. Even if I had nothing, even if I sought nothing, if I could truly cherish myself from the depths of my heart, that would have been enough.

My heart is unfulfilled. My heart is lonely. I want my heart to be healed. These have been the cries of my heart, continuing from the past until now. When I turn my heart toward Taïke Tomekichi, these cries come bursting out all at once. I have kept suppressing and hiding them, but now I can no longer do anything to contain them. In this lifetime, the only path left is to accept them.

F’s Reflection – 18

It was unconditional. There was nothing—truly nothing. I was simply forgiven. Every thought, no matter what it was, was accepted. I felt enveloped, embraced. The joy of being accepted was so great, and to be forgiven—without reason or condition—made me simply happy. Entrust your heart to me. I am you, and you are me. In the vibration of Taïke Tomekichi, I existed as one who was being kept alive. I felt joy in being able to acknowledge that I had been wrong. I felt joy in telling myself, I have been wrong.

What I wanted was to be recognized—to have the dark thoughts within me acknowledged. I wanted to be accepted. I wanted to hear, I am you, and you are me. I didn't want to be hated and cast aside; I simply wanted to be noticed. I wanted to hear, You too are forgiven, you too are accepted.

I felt the presence of Taïke Tomekichi, waiting for me again and again, urging me to turn my heart toward myself and become honest with myself. I felt how warm that patient, ever-waiting heart was, wrapping around me. Time has been given to me—the time to realize the gentle thought I can accept for myself. In times of pain or sadness, I was told, Turn your thoughts to the heart within you. I have been taught, in this very heart, to notice the presence of myself who is always here, supporting me within my own heart.

F's Reflection – 19

My mother has started using a computer. In responding to her questions about how to operate it, I realized that my exchanges with her mirrored exactly the way I use my heart in this learning. My mother was showing me this.

In our phone conversations, my heart came out directly. “If you click here, it will do this.” — “It doesn't.” Even when I tried to explain step by step, she would jump ahead with only what

she wanted to say or what she wanted to know, refusing to listen openly to what I was telling her. I saw myself in her behavior.

In trying to use the computer without reading even a single page of the manual, her presumptuousness—her overbearing attitude—was exactly like the thoughts I have directed toward the teacher in this learning. I realized I had not been open to the orderly guidance I was being given. I had not been listening with an empty heart.

Somewhere inside, I had my own assumptions, hopes, and desires, and I interpreted what the teacher said in a way that prioritized them. Through my mother, I was shown this truth. Thank you. What I needed was to be honest.

F's Reflection – 20

My physical self may not understand, but consciousness knows. The heart—consciousness—was already in the future.

The feeling at that time went beyond warmth or joy. It was not words. With no resistance at all, I could think, “I am consciousness.”

“You are not a being of suffering. You are consciousness. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Ah, I am happy, happy, happy.”

That is what I was saying. I will trust this heart, this thought, and continue walking forward. Thank you.

F's Reflection – 00

“The energy you have been putting out is immense. The thoughts you direct toward me are extremely painful. I am now showing you, in this way, the energy you have been sending. The thoughts you direct toward me are painful. Realize this. Realize it. Realize your mistakes.”

This was the heartfelt plea I felt from Miyake Island. When I was allowed to turn my consciousness toward it, I sensed that the island was telling us: It is painful, but it is also joyful—that is love.

The island was alive. The island was pleading. The island was speaking to us. Yet to me, it still felt like someone else's matter. The island was just an island. I had convinced myself that even if I turned my consciousness toward it, I could not truly understand. But everything around me had been teaching me.

I came to realize how important it is to feel vibration and to direct consciousness. By doing so, the world of consciousness can be experienced in this very heart. I want to keep turning my heart toward the warmth that can be felt beyond the crumbling world of form, and to trust in the vibrational world of Taike Tomekichi.

Closing Reflections - Summary

In this final section, I look back on the journey of this book and feel only gratitude. What once appeared as hardship—my father's illness, my marriage, my husband's death, and everyday struggles—was in truth the path prepared for me to awaken.

None of it was wasted. Every moment was calling me to remember who I truly am: not the physical self, but eternal consciousness.

My closing wish is that you, too, will feel the joy of walking this path. May these reflections encourage you to meet your true self, and to live each day with gratitude and love

Closing Reflections

I am deeply grateful for the opportunity to publish this revised edition of *Arigatō*. When the first edition came out, I was able to confirm in my own heart that all the phenomena occurring around me were guiding me toward the flow of consciousness. I could feel that the world of consciousness holds everything in perfect understanding, and I could not help but be moved by the intricate precision of my own true world.

Ten years have passed since then, and of course many things have happened in that time. Having learned to perceive phenomena not from the standpoint of the world of form but from that of the world of consciousness, I now feel that these past ten years, too, have been an important period for moving my steps forward.

And now, ten years on from the publication of the *Arigatō* revised edition in 2016, I have renewed my determination to keep looking deeply into my own heart, so that I may continue to move forward in my journey.

What Mr. Taike Tomekichi has conveyed is the true world of vibration. The world of form will eventually crumble from its very foundation. This is the message: Awaken to the truth. It is, in essence, nothing other than the energy of love. Yet as long as we hold the world of form to be real, we will only be

able to see it as something harsh and severe.

However, what is flowing there is, without question, the vibration of boundless joy and warmth. Every one of us must awaken to our own truth. We must all awaken to the fact that our essence is Albert—and that our essence is love. Let us strive each day to receive, rightly and fully, both the message “Awaken to the truth” and the vibration it carries.

In closing, let me affirm: we are one within love. The energy of love—Albert—beats ceaselessly within each of us. It is only because each of us was born to our mother that we can come into contact with this love that pulses within us. All that is truly ours is joy. The day is not far off when the call “Let us live this moment in joy” will resound clearly from within each of us. Let us return to being the selves who, even as the world of form collapses from its roots, can receive the vibration and energy of joy and warmth in full measure.



The author's beloved dog", Shin-chan